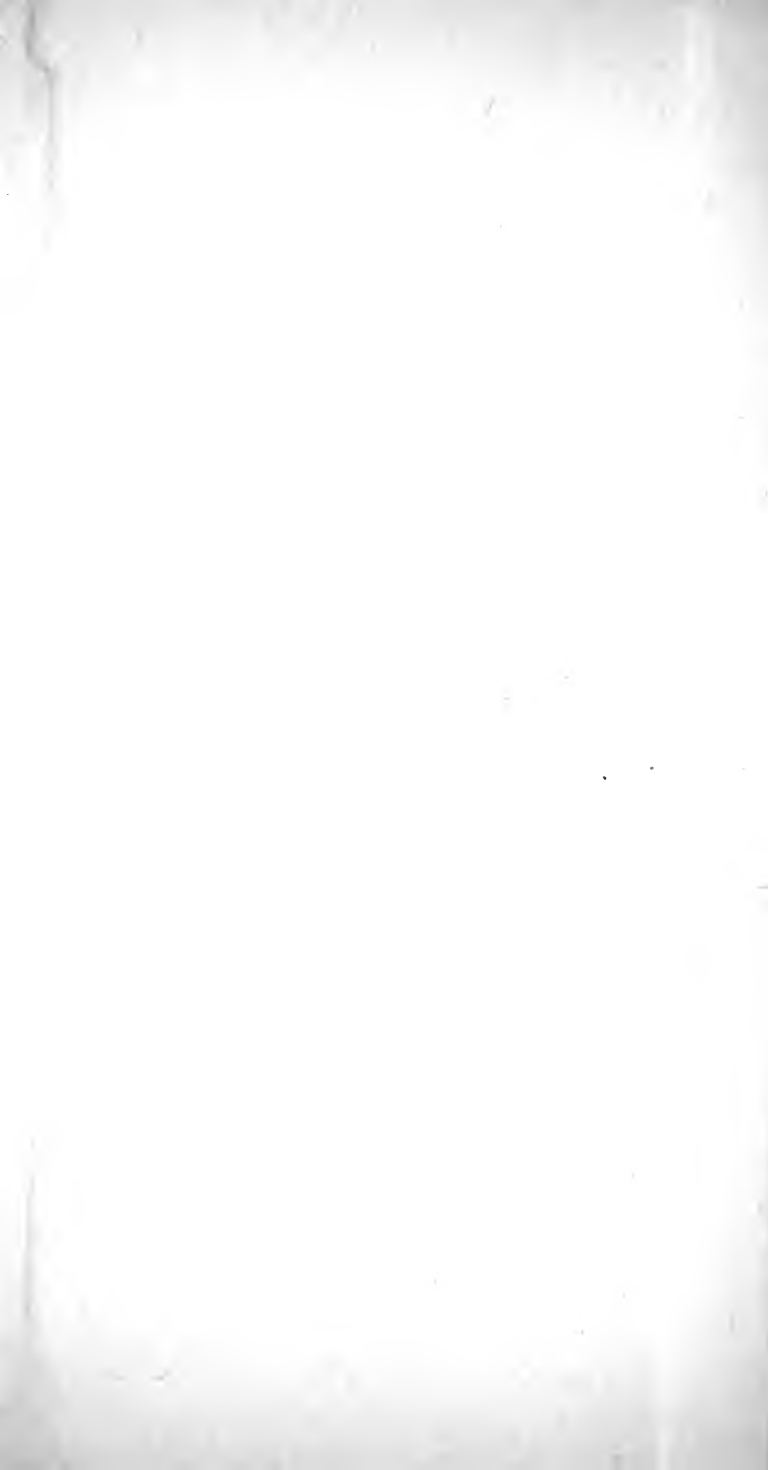


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GENEALOGY

OF ONE LINE OF

The Pardee Family,

—AND—

Some Memoirs,

—BY—

AARON PARDEE.

WADSWORTH, OHIO,
1896.

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AARON PARDEE.



EVELINE B. PARDEE.

PARDEE GENEALOGY.

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."—Macbeth's Soliloquy.

CHAPTER I.

"Cui Bono?"

The history of mankind shows that much has often depended upon questions of genealogy. The fate of kingdoms, the progress of civilization, the welfare of the whole human race has turned upon the question "whose son is he?" If it shall be said that ordinarily it seems to make but little difference whose blood we carry in our veins, I answer we do not know, and therefore I have determined, after postponing the matter to a very late day in life to inquire into the genealogy of "the Pardee family," with what success will appear as we proceed and with consequences to be left to the future to determine.

I have at present 36 living lineal descendants and think I ought be able to tell them something about their ancestors. In making my inquiries, I have been sometimes almost provoked to find that family records were so difficult of access, and so few transmitted from one generation to another, but confess that the success I have had in unearthing these old papers has been attended with compensating pleasure.

As I was not bred a historian or a genealogist and as this is my first attempt in such matters it should not be expected that my work will outrival the Gibbons, the Humes or the Macaulays or the first and second Chronicles, and as what is written, is about a family and not a nation it is not expected that the public will be interested to read much of it so I hope to escape severe criticism if I write things about as they appear to me. It is impossible to write a history of a family of persons and leave out personalities and as my plan contemplates starting at myself and going backwards as far as possible in a general way for a new starting point, then downwards past myself for some generations with many particulars depending largely upon my own memory I cannot keep myself entirely out of my story, and if my story is to go on I must go with it.

CHAPTER II.

I was born at Marcellus, now Skaneateles, Onondaga county, New York, "in the old log house" on lot 28, one frosty morning, October 8th, 1808, at eight o'clock, if we add that October is the eighth month according to the Roman calendar, and also that I was the eighth son from brother Augustus, the first, down, without female intervention, we may conclude that the eighths have it. As to the weather that morning I depend upon my brother Augustus, the second, who has often complained to me saying that he "was routed out of bed early and sent to a neighbor's house barefooted, with the ground all covered with frost," and he said it always made him mad when he thought about it. All I can say is that a part of the stone chimneyback was pointed out to me in the garden after I was old enough to be put to weeding onions there some years later.

Our old farm on the east side of twenty-eight swamp was to me, when young, like the centre of creation. I used to look out from there and wonder what was outside of the firmament where the sky came down. Here was where the dreams were first formed that have had much to do with fashioning my life for more than four score years. I should like to create again, if it were possible, the realities, the joys, even if mixed with the short lived sorrows of those golden days. But I must go back farther a couple of hundred years first and then see.

CHAPTER III.

NEW ENGLAND.

My father's family record, which fell to me as a special bequest from my mother, only came back to my possession a few months ago after a loan of thirty years to one of my brothers. It is not a pretentious book in appearance, not a family bible, but a simple account book, indicating clearly that times have changed in this country very much within the last century. This old book is filled from beginning to end with my father's handwriting, mostly entered by him in Norfolk, Litchfield county, Connecticut. He begins his record as follows: "May 15th, 1787, then Ebenr Pardee and Anna Minor was married." And whether for extra precaution or for grammatical reasons, I cannot say, he repeats as follows: "May 15th, 1787, then Ebnr Pardee and Anna Minor were married."

My father was born in 1765 and my mother in 1771. If these dates were ever in the record they have been lost, still we are not left without a witness. My father died, as his tombstone in the cemetery at Skaneateles, New York, shows, December 22, 1812, aged 47 and my mother as is shown in Wadsworth cemetery February 12, 1851, aged 80, thus proving the beginning of life by the records of death as follows, Ebenezer Pardee was born 1765 and Anna Minor born 1771 as above stated. By another computation it is shown that at their marriage my father was 22 and my mother 16.

My father was the son of Ebenezer Pardee and Anna Richards, and my mother was the daughter of Doct. John Minor and Sarah Dutton. The town of Norfolk, the birth-place of my parents, in the days of which we are speaking was not in most favorable condition to be prolific of family records. It was at that time a very new country, was first organized as a township in December, 1858, not settled by rich people, but by those who had to get up early in the morning and frequently set up late at night to keep the wolf from the door, then the breaking out of the war with the breaking up of families, it is no wonder that records are not as thick as blackberries. I regret their absence at this particular place because it would enable me to settle a difference of opinion existing among the descendants of my grandmother as to what my grandfather's name really was, some having a tradition that his name was Stephen,

and the Richards genealogy publishing it as Charles Pardee. Both of these tables are wrong as I promise to show conclusively before I get through.

My father was Ebenezer the third, or Ebenezer the tanner, and his father's name was Ebenezer.

CHAPTER IV.

EBENEZER THE SOLDIER.

My grandfather, Ebenezer the second, was born in East Haven, Connecticut, in 1732, and was married to my grandmother, Anna Richards, in 1759, probably at Hartford, or possibly Litchfield, but they immediately settled in Norfolk where they continued to reside until the war of the Revolution. In June, 1776, my grandfather at the call of his country enlisted in Capt. Rogers' company, raised in Cornwall, Litchfield county, among the troops raised to aid Gen. Washington in resisting the landing of Lord Howe at New York. He was probably on the march July fourth when congress declared our independence. He lived to fight bravely in the several severe battles of that unsuccessful campaign, but was wounded in the final struggle at Whiteplains in the month of October and died there in a few days after the battle. No stone marks the place where he was buried. His epitaph when written, will apply to many thousands of heroes of those days, "Died for the Freedom and Independence of My Country." He was the father of eight children, four of whom died young leaving Charles, born July 1st, 1760, Anna, born 1763, Ebenezer, born 1765, and Aaron, born 1769. His widow must have been left in indigent circumstances as no property seems to have clung to her or any of the children. It is to his untimely "taking off" we may attribute an entire lack of his family records, but from other sources we are able to learn enough of my grandfather's history to continue our quest back to his great grandfather, the first Pardee in America.

CHAPTER V.

EBENEZER PARDEE THE FIRST, OTHERWISE CALLED
EBENEZER THE DEACON.

In following up the Pardee blood stream from Ebenezer the soldier, every trace we could find pointed us to Fairfield county, which adjoins Litchfield county on the south, and being the south-west corner county in Connecticut. In an old Bible in possession of Mr. Myron F. Pardee, of Chicago, we found a record carrying his line back to George, the first settler, through Joseph, a son of the first George, and among the numerous children of Joseph we found Ebenezer, born in 1714. The record places Joseph and his family as residents of New Haven or Norwalk, Fairfield county. At first I imagined I had as they say "struck oil" and found a short cut to my ultima. But I was unable to trace this Ebenezer, son of Joseph, any farther. That he could not be my grandfather was evident on reflection. Born in 1714 he would be 62 when my grandfather enlisted. Possibly he or some of his brothers might have a son Ebenezer. So I traced the family from Norwalk to Sharon, Litchfield county. My man could not be found. At last after almost losing patience in searching for Fairfield county records and finding out that those in whom we were most interested were burned by the British at Danbury, the county seat, during the war, and giving our old enemy a hearty anathema, we ran upon an old church record in Danbury showing that Deacon Ebenezer Pardee was a delegate and prominent in the proceedings of a convocation of the church at that place in 1744. For a while we called him Deacon Ebenezer, of Danbury, but later investigations proved that he was a delegate from East Fairfield church and a resident there, formerly from New Haven, and that he was the father of Ebenezer the soldier, and was not in Joseph's line, but was a nephew of Joseph and son of an older brother and born in 1702.

CHAPTER VI.

GEORGE PARDEE, JUNIOR, OR GEORGE THE SECOND

"I had traveled o'er the plain and inquired of every swain,
But no tidings could get of my George."

—Lady Washington's Lament.

History tells us that Lady Washington found her George, and so we. George Pardee, Jr., the father of Deacon Ebenezer, was born in New Haven, Connecticut, January 15th, 1655. His father was George Pardee the first, or George the settler, by his first wife, Martha Miles, and was the third son born in that family. From this point we are able to quote more than hitherto from both public and private records that have been preserved from the vandalism of British troops, giving us many dates and facts pertinent to our family history. Before we go any farther and preparatory to taking our return route from George the first, who was my grandfather's great grandfather, as we are so much implicated in old Connecticut affairs I think it is best to start at the beginning in my next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

OLD CONNECTICUT.

Two hundred and sixty-six years ago when George, the first Pardee that we have been able to find, was born, the territory now comprising the state of Connecticut was a dense unknown forest. No white man occupied any portion of its soil. It was claimed by the Narragansett and Pequod Indians as their hunting grounds, by the Dutch, of New Amsterdam, by right of discovery, said to have been made by Hendrick Hudson in 1609, and by the New England Proprietors under a charter from James first, of England, in 1620. The Dutch fortified their claim by a purchase from the Indians. It is not stated how much they paid but probably as much as forty dollars, judging from their purchase of Manhattan Island about the same time which cost them twenty-four dollars "even up." All these claims were sheer pretenses, and the Dutch were smart enough to see it and therefore in 1633 they sailed down to Saybrook and up the Connecticut river as far as where Hartford now stands and further fortified their title by building a fortress, calling it "The House of Hope." They may have hoped to catch the Yankees asleep, but they did not, for in 1631, two years before, the "New England Proprietors" in looking over their royal charter had discovered that they had more land than they could manage. It ran from Montreal to the Delaware, near Philadelphia,

thence to the "Great South Sea." So they made a grant to run from Narragansett river south along the coast 120 miles wide towards Virginia, and thence westward to the Pacific ocean. This grant put them near enough to the Dutch and embraced what became the present state of Connecticut. The same year that the fort was built, 1633, English speaking people made an attempt to settle and the Dutch threatened war but finally sold them the "House of Hope," presumably at a good bargain, and Connecticut became freely opened to the New Englanders.

The Yankees made their first permanent stand at Wethersfield, on the Connecticut river, in 1634, though a small party of them had previously established a trading house at Hartford and Windsor.

In 1638 Rev. John Davenport led a company of immigrants and settled at New Haven and very soon there were white settlements at Hartford, Windsor and some other places. In 1638 these new towns threw off the New England government and set up for themselves and the next year the New Haven colony joined the others. In the same year there was a short war with the Pequod Indians and the tribe was defeated and entirely broken up. Rev. Davenport, above mentioned, was a graduate of Oxford and was a member of the church of England, but his Paritanic opinions led him to quit that church in 1635. Two years after this he came to New England and with one Theophilus Eaton, organized a Puritan colony and established the same at New Haven. Davenport was settled there as their first minister and remained for thirty years. It was during his ministration that Goffe, Whalley and Dixwell, refugees, called the three Regicides, came to New Haven and were hidden and protected by him. Their crime consisted in their being connected with the trial and condemnation of Charles the 1st. Behind Center church are the tombs of these Regicides, and upon the slope of West Rock may be seen a cave or shelter among the boulders said to have been occupied by them as a place of concealment and bearing the inscription "Opposition to Tyrants is Obedience to God."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ENTERED APPRENTICE.

In the year 1645 while Charles the 1st was a prisoner in the hands of the soldiers controlled by Cromwell and the parliament, we find our great forefather, George the first, a young Huguenot orphan, aged sixteen, among such sort of people as the first settlers of New Haven must have been, The first we learn of him is from the "Book of Records of Jurisdiction of New Haven Colony from 1638 to 1665."

The record shows that in 1645 George Pardee, aged sixteen, entered into indentures of apprenticeship to his uncle, Francis Brown, for the term of five years. Mr. Brown upon his part binding himself to "doe his his best endeavor to teach him, the said George, the trade of a taylor." This is all we have been able to learn of our kind distant relative Mr. Francis Brown. He may have been a connection of Peter Brown, who came over on the Mayflower twenty-five years before. His wife may have been a sister of George's father or mother, or George might be a son of Mr. Brown's sister. In either case he would be called uncle in the phraseology of those days. Each party to the covenant of apprenticeship performed his part well. George had all the sentiments and instincts of a French protestant refugee. He was "suaviter in modo, fortiter in re," and when in 1649 by the termination of his contract he was, in the language of those days, "made a freeman," he was immediately recognized in the community as a man among men. That he was honest, studious, industrious, religious and good looking I do not hesitate to affirm. I have no doubt he attended Rev. Davenport's church meetings regularly and that it was here that he formed the acquaintance of and attachment to the girl he married as soon as he became of age. This was Martha, the daughter of Judge Richard Miles, who was one of the most respectable men in that vicinity. That the marriage took place with the full consent and approbation of the Miles family is proved by the record, which is as follows: October 20, 1650, then George Pardee and Martha Miles were married. Ceremony performed by the governor. That he might have something to do, and as showing general good will, the ferry, called "Red Rock," passing between the two towns of E. and W. Haven then in charge of his Uncle Brown was transferred to George; at the same time the town authorized him to build a house at the ferry at his own expense."

CHAPTER IX.

GEORGE THE CITIZEN.

At the revision and enlargement of the constitution of New Haven Colony, 1654, George Pardee appears as a signer, and the same year a piece of land in East Haven was allotted to him. In 1662 he was engaged to teach the "towne school" (see records of jurisdiction of New Haven Colony) promising on his part "to teach the children English, and to carry them on in latin as far as he could." His salary for the time was "30 pounds a year, the rest to be paid by the parents who should send scholars to the school as he and they should agree." This school was the foundation of what is now "The Hopkins Grammar School." Is it not a little surprising to see this George Pardee, an orphan boy, coming to this country at the age of 16 apprenticed to learn a trade for five of the best years of his youth among a people more than half of whom were unable to write their own names, and signed their wills, deeds and other legal papers with a cross mark, is it not remarkable to see such a person hired to teach latin in a public school? It argues well for the young man and for his indulgent Uncle Brown, who must have allowed free use of midnight oil or probably tallow candles, and tends to prove that George was what the yankees call cute, as well as good looking. In 1665 New Haven Colony was merged into Connecticut Colony and this school changed hands, but in 1670 the town granted to him the "Ferry farm" which at his death fell to his son George, who had the main charge of it during his father's ownership. To quote further from the land records, it appears that in 1678 George Pardee, senior, bought part of the farm at "Solitary Cove" owned by Thomas Gregion, who was one of the lost in the "Great Shippe" (see "Long-fellow's Phantom Ship") and in 1716 his son George bought the remainder of said farm. In 1683 land was further allotted to George, Sr., in Stoney River and East Haven. In 1684 he held the office of constable, then considered a post of dignity, and in all matters concerning the welfare of his town he took a prominent part, and when he was finally laid to rest in the burying ground near the "Green," his son George took his place in much of public regard.

We could go on and quote from various records showing that George was active in all directions, dealing in lands, working himself and teaching his children to work, looking after little things as well as larger ones. On the church

records is a memorandum indicating great carefulness and frugality. It says "Paid Goodman Pardee for his son John's ringing the bell of the meeting house." The foregoing, however, we deem sufficient to show what kind of a man this our first progenitor in America was. He showed all the characteristics naturally to be expected from one of French-Huguenot extraction. He was as Calvinistic as the Puritans, the Cromwellians or the Presbyterians. Palfrey in his "History of New England" says: "The Huguenots assimilated easily with the English settlers and became some of the best members of the new colonies." They assimilated easily so far as manners, customs and sentiments would go. But in the estimation of the thoroughly English people by whom they were surrounded, they were a marked race and as late as 1763 the great grandchildren of George, the settler, were called "Frenchmen."

CHAPTER X.

THE HUGUENOTS.

For more than a hundred years, embracing portions of the 16th and 17th centuries, the French Protestants contended for their rights to life and liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, against some of the most merciless persecutors known in human history.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew, on the night of August 24th and 25th, 1572, and the other horrible atrocities of the almost continual civil wars growing out of constant governmental violations of the "Edict of Nantes," which law guaranteed to the protestants the few privileges left to them, resulted in hundreds of thousands of violent deaths, and drove out of France probably more than a million of her most active, enterprising and industrious citizens.

In October 1628, Cardinal Richelieu succeeded in compelling the surrender of La Rochelle, which was the last political stronghold of the protestants in France, and as George Pardee was born in 1629 in England or Wales, it is probable his parents emigrated upon that occasion and thus escaped the meanest of all the persecutions prevailing, afterwards called "the Dragonades." These consisted of armed expeditions led by a bishop or a priest marching through the provinces, demanding of the heretics that

they should abjure their faith and leaving such as were refractory to be dealt with by the unscrupulous troops. Foremost among the armed force rode dragoons, who from the fact of their taking the precedence, and from the merciless treatment to which they subjected the protestants, had the unenviable honor of giving a name to these persecutions. These things were going on as late as 1685 in the reign of Louis XIV, and it is said that the king was entirely misinformed as to the means made use of by the dragonades in effecting the numerous conversions which were reported to him by the courtiers and fanatics that surrounded his throne, and was so delighted to hear that from 250 to 400 protestants were daily being received into the bosom of the church. In order that the good work might be fully accomplished, he on the 22d of October, 1685, revoked the "Edict of Nantes," thus taking from these wretched victims of oppression their last hope of relief, with the most benevolent motives. (*Credat Judæes Apella.*) The yankee maxim however, "no great loss without some small gain" was exemplified by this criminal folly of France. It produced another exodus estimated at not less than 400 thousand more desirable emigrants to more tolerant countries, of which we received a good portion.

Among all the later French settlers we do not find any of the Pardees, thus indicating that when the parents of George came away, they brought all that belonged to them even to the family name. And now as we are bound to discuss this question of name, we may as well do it in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
—Shakespeare.

How names are assumed by, or bestowed upon different people or families is frequently a curious and interesting inquiry. In the beginning the Lord brought all the beasts of the field and fowls of the air "unto Adam to see what he would call them and whatsoever he called every living creature that was the name thereof." Nouns are prime words in human intercourse, everything as well as beasts and birds must be named and later different languages

were formed and things all named over again. If surnames had prevailed from the beginning, we should all belong to the Adams family which might be deemed a fit punishment for original sin. In God's mercy this was not so, but we were left to get our names as accident, whim or convenience might determine. Three hundred years ago surnames were not as fixed as they are now. Among English speaking people there is a tendency to permanency in names, though new ones are daily coming into use. When the forefathers of the Pardee family escaped from France, their name was nearly all they had left. This had been given to them by their enemies during their long struggle to maintain their inalienable rights to life and liberty. Being hunted like wild beasts, they were compelled to herd like the buffaloes on the plains. They formed close combinations and entered into a sort of covenant relationship for mutual protection. To one of these bands my forefathers belonged. Their motto was, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God" and each covenanter took upon himself an obligation to resist even unto death. Like our countryman of Irish extraction, Patrick Henry, they exclaimed, "Give me liberty or give me death." The larger part failed to obtain the first, but got an abundance of the last. I translate the oath taken except the last word which is given as in the original. It is as follows: "I do solemnly promise to stand inflexibly with my associates of this band, for our rights; and by my country and the religion given us. Par Dieu." The name given to them was on account of the oath they had taken and they were called in the plural "The Pardeaux." One of them would be Pardieu. This word was introduced into England by the Normans at, or soon after, the conquest, and is found with all its different terminations in "Chaucer's Canterbury Tales," first published as early as 1392, (see Glossary to Chaucer's Poems) title Parde. In some places it is spelled Pardie and in several, just as we now spell our name. I have never seen the name Pardee in any book or paper, written or published in England, and I am firmly of the opinion that it has been adopted or accepted by the French refugees in the manner I have stated. The word refugee itself is from the French where the termination is "gie," but in adopting it we give it the double "e."

Some of our friends may not like my explanation. They would like something with more Bon Ton, with a chance for a "coat of arms." All right. Families are

frequently named after animals as Lyon, Fox, Wolf, Hogg, etc. Take the leopard, latin "Pardus," Old Anglo Saxon, "Parde," add another e and you have it. A coat of arms, leopard rampant. "Pay your money and take your choice."

CHAPTER XII.

FIRST FAMILY RECORD.

George Pardee, born 1629, probably in England, died August 1st, 1700. Married Martha Miles, of New Haven, October 20th, 1650. Ceremony performed by the governor.

CHILDREN.

John, born August 25, 1652, died June 28, 1653.

John, born December 2, 1653, died October, 1683.

George, born January 15th, 1655, died November 22, 1723, age 68 years.

Mary, born February 18, 1658.

Elizabeth, born June 10, 1660.

In 1660, Martha, wife of George Pardee, died. George Pardee married Rebekah Lane, December 29, 1662.

CHILDREN.

Joseph, born April 27, 1664.

Rebekah, born April 18, 1666.

Sarah, born February 2, 1667.

Hannah, born July 1, 1672.

Copied from "New Haven Town Records."

George Pardee made his will which is probated, as is also found on above named records.

CHAPTER XIII.

RICHARD MILES.

The reader will have observed that in tracing the Pardee name and line, we have been unable to go any farther back than to my grandfather's great grandfather. But as has almost always happened in similar cases, since the affair of Eden, our grandmothers have been in the lead. We find that the father of Martha, our respected grandmother, first consort of George, the settler, takes us back "one generation more." Richard Miles was early identified with both New Haven and Milford, and after a few

years, settled permanently in the latter named place where he died in 1667, giving in his will the bulk of his property to his son, Richard. Katharine, wife of Richard Miles, died in Wallingford as her tombstone, an oblong block of red sandstone, still standing in the old burying ground on the plains shows. It bears the roughly cut inscription, K. M., died Jan. ye 27 aged 95.

Her husband's will gives evidence that she was a widow with children at the time he married her. I quote from the will some of its quaint sentences. "I devise to my eldest son Richard my dwelling house and home lot, after the death of his mother, he paying the just value of it less 10 pounds legacy to him herein, but if my said son does not see his way to buy said lot, he need not, but can have the 10 pounds from other sources." To his other children he gives 5 pound 5 shillings each, and "a colt to the children of my daughter, Martha Pardee, deceased" and then "For as much as my dearest living wife, Katharine Miles, was possessed of a considerable estate which I received upon marriage with her, part of which belonged to children of a former husband, I doe give unto her for comfortable subsistence and for the discharge of righteousness, unto these children in England, etc."

Richard Miles was at the settlement of Milford one of the "judges of civil affairs" and after his removal to New Haven was prominent in the affairs of that city, being representative to the "general court" in 1651. His son was an officer in "King Philip's war."

On the beautiful bridge at Milford among stones dedicated to the memory of settlers of that town is one No. 4,
marked "in memory of

Richard Miles

obit 1637.

Katharine, his wife,"

and "Martha, daughter of Richard Miles,

"Married 1650 George Pardee."

CHAPTER XIV.

GEORGE PARDEE, SECOND.

Before the death of George Pardee, we find his son George active and mixed with his father in business and after 1700, the date of his father's death, we find him (no longer George, Jr.) prominent in the affairs of East Haven,

and he was one of the members of the committee to manage the affairs of the town. Like his father, he selected for his wives the daughters of prominent men. His first, Mercy Ball, was the daughter of Capt. Alling Ball, an early settler and a prominent man. Mary, his second wife, was the daughter of George Dennison, a later settler, but one who stood high in the estimation of the people and who was a large landholder.

John Pardee, the eldest son of George, the settler, died in 1683 before his father, and left no wife or children so far as we have been able to learn. Joseph, the third son, married Elizabeth Yale, January 30th, 1688-9 and she died September 19th, 1702, and in 1703 Joseph married Elizabeth Payne. Up to this time and later he was settled in New Haven. Before 1718 he went to Stamford, as he is registered there. One of his sons, Joseph, and a grandson, Joshua, marrying there. His son John went to Norwalk and thence to Sharon, Litchfield county.

Meantime George Pardee, the second, son of George, the settler, remained in East Haven, living with or near his father, becoming as we may say, his father's prop and dependence as years increased, and he saw his sons and daughters growing up about him.

CHAPTER XV.

DEATH OF GEORGE SECOND.

In 1724 George Pardee, the second, died mentioning in his will his wife Mary, and his sons Stephen, James, John, George and Ebenezer, and daughters Mary and Elizabeth. John settled in North Haven, James and Stephen married and remained in East Haven becoming, when in 1788, Christ church (Episcopal) was organized, members of that church. James being later a warden.

Ebenezer, the remaining son of George Pardee, the second, was married in East Haven about 1726 or 1727, to Martha ———, and caused the births of his two oldest children, Hannah 1728 and James 1729, to be recorded there, when he removed to East Fairfield, Fairfield county, probably in 1733 or 1734.

From the New Haven town records we transcribe the following:

George Pardee, Jr., born January 15, 1655, married February 10, 1675, to Mercy Ball.

CHILDREN.

Mercy, born January 16, 1676, at East Haven.

Eliphlet, born December 26, 1678, at East Haven.

Martha, born March 18, 1680, at East Haven.

John, born November 4, 1683, at East Haven.

Mercy Pardee, wife of George, died August 13, 1684.

George Pardee, Jr., married February 11, 1685, to Mary Denison.

CHILDREN.

Stephen, born 1686.

George, born 1690. James,—Sarah,—Mary,—Elizabeth.

Ebenezer, born in 1702.

George Pardee, Jr., died November 22, 1723, aged 68, his will probated in 1724. (See New Haven Probate Records.)

FAREWELL TO NEW HAVEN.

A new Lochinvar has come out of the west,

To the beautiful city of Yale,

In ardent pursuit like a knight on his quest,

In his search for the holy grail.

He staid not for hills and he stopped not for stones,

Though many obstructed his way.

He was bound to recover his grandfather's bones,

Though it took him a year and a day.

The city of elms on its common, that stands

On the beautiful New Haven shore.

He was bound for himself, with his eyes and his hands,

Their books and their graves to explore.

He turned over books, and he turned up the stones,

For his work he received full pay,

As there he found surely the very same bones,

That his grandfather wore in his day.

So farewell New Haven, farewell my dear,

A famous old city you stand.

In all of New England you have not a peer,

"Aurevoir" to my forefather's land.

CHAPTER XVI.

EBENEZER, THE DEACON.

We now turn to Fairfield county, the south-west corner county in Connecticut, following my great grandfather Ebenezer, the deacon. He left New Haven with his family as heretofore stated about 1734, soon after which time we find him in East Fairfield, Fairfield county. At first we supposed that his home was in Danbury from some records found in Norfolk, Litchfield county, but later investigations prove that his home was New Fairfield. On March 9, 1729-30 Ebenezer Pardee, calling himself of East Haven, makes a deed of land. (See Vol. 8, page 433.) Again on page 20, same volume, is a deed recorded "to Ebenezer, Pardee yeoman," for a piece of land in East Haven, of date May 15th, 1728. On August 8, 1734, Ebenezer Pardee makes a deed to his brother, George Pardee, of land in East Haven that was set off to his honored mother as part of her dowry. (See Vol. 1, page 500.) On April 12, 1734, Alling Ball, of East Haven, in consideration of 32 pounds 10 shillings current money, deeds to Ebenezer Pardee, "senior," of East Haven, one-quarter part of the 54th part of a certain tract of land in a place in said colony, known as New Fairfield, which tract of land is bounded westerly by said colony line, northerly by land of said colony, easterly by New Milford and said colony land, and southerly by Danbury north line. Deed given at Branford, Ct., April 12th, 1734. (Book 9, page 485.) This deed proves that Ebenezer Pardee, the deacon, became from this time a large landholder in East Fairfield, and that as he was called Ebenezer, senior, he must have had a son Ebenezer, junior, then living, thus confirming what we have heretofore said, that Ebenezer, the soldier, was born in 1732. Lastly, on book 10, page 418, we find that Ebenezer Pardee, of New Fairfield, on December 26th, 1737, deeded land in East Haven to Isaac Chidsey and William Granniss, thus proving that he then lived in New Fairfield.

We next find by the church records in New Fairfield, that my Great Grandfather Ebenezer was a deacon of that church. He was probably one of the original organizers in 1742. The convocation records at Danbury mention him as a delegate in 1744. He is mentioned as Deacon Ebenezer Pardee in New Fairfield society records, September 3, 1754; again in 1755 and in March 1756. The following is the record of the last mentioned convocation: "At a meeting

of the inhabitants of ye south society of New Fairfield, upon March ye 23d, A. D., 1756, put to vote for Deacon Ebenezer Pardee, to be moderator of said meeting. Past in ye affirmative." This meeting was held in the spring of the year in which he died.

DEATH OF EBENEZER, THE DEACON.

"At a court of probate held at Danbury, November 8th, 1756, Martha Pardee and James Pardee, both of New Fairfield, were appointed administrators on the estate of ye late Ebenezer Pardee, and Stephen, Dorothy, Mercy and Mary Pardee chose their mother for their guardian. She was also appointed guardian for Martha, who was probably too young to choose. In the final settlement and distribution of the personal estate which took place later,

Widow, Martha Pardee has	128	19s	12d
James, a double portion, (oldest brother).....	57	6	8
Ebenezer.....	28	13	4
Stephen (he who afterwards married Ellen Burnham)	28	13	4
Dorothy.....	28	13	4
Mercy (later married to Zadoc Barnum).....	28	13	4
Mary	28	13	4
Martha (later married to Charles Knapp).....	28	13	4

The further peculiarity appears from the record. "James and Stephen each has a gun and a sword."

Done at Danbury, November 1759.

Peace to the ashes of Ebenezer, the deacon, our venerated and pious ancestor of New Fairfield, Connecticut.

CHAPTER XVII.

EBENEZER, THE SOLDIER.

We now follow the fortunes of Ebenezer, the second son of the deacon, and find that within three years after his father's death, he appears in Norfolk, Litchfield county, the north-west corner county in Connecticut. Norfolk adjoins Massachusetts on the north, Canaan on the west, Winstead on the south and Colebrook on the east. Cornwall Corners on Norfolk, lying south of Salisbury which is the north-west corner township of the state.

This part of Connecticut remained unsettled for more than 100 years after the regions about Hartford and New Haven, and the southern and eastern portions had become well populated.

It was not until 1758 that Norfolk was first settled. The undivided lands belonging to the Connecticut Colony were partitioned out to people in Fairfield and Hartford counties, and the different lots sold. Among the first settlers was Jedediah Richards, son of Thomas Richards, of Hartford. This Jedediah was the father of my grandmother Anna, who was born at Hartford, February 19th, 1740. About 1750, her father moved to Tolland county east of Hartford, and from thence, in 1758, to Norfolk, and was present December 2nd, 1758, at the first town meeting after the incorporation of the place. He also became a member of the church at its first institution, December 24th, 1760. It is probable that Anna came with her father when he moved to Norfolk, and that there she first met my grandfather. I had supposed that the church records would show that they were married by Priest Robbins, as the pastor of that church was always designated by my mother and grandmother, but no record of their marriage can be found there, for the very good reason, as we can now see, that the marriage took place before the Norfolk church was organized. They were married in 1759, as is proved by the family record of my Uncle Charles Pardee, their oldest son, who was born July 1st, 1760, six months before Mr. Robbins or his church were in Norfolk. It took place possibly in Tolland or Hartford, my grandmother's former places of residence. At any rate I can assure her descendants, having known my grandmother, that she was not a "scarlet letter" kind of a woman, but a straight, true-blue yankee church member. I have the genealogy of my Richards forefathers, and intend to quote from it more at large hereafter. Page 144, book 1, of "Proprietor's Records" in Norfolk, shows a deed made in Danbury, Fairfield county, May 19th, 1758, by Samuel Comstock, of New Fairfield, of land in Norfolk to Ebenezer Pardee, of said Fairfield. This deed given more than six months before Norfolk was organized, being also 18 months after Deacon Ebenezer was deceased, proves that my grandfather was prepared to visit Norfolk and take part in the organization. The Land Records further show that afterwards, April 20, 1767, Ebenezer Pardee, of Norfolk, for the consideration of 125 pounds and 15 shillings, deeded land in Norfolk to Ichabod Lewis, Ezra Hawley, John Burritt, Abner Judson and Elisha Mills, of Stratford, in Fairfield county. (See "Land Records," Vol. 1, page 35.) Book 2, page 335, also shows that on September 10th, 1770, a deed was made by

Jedediah Richards, then of Canaan, to his daughter, Ann Pardee, and his son, Ebenezer Pardee, of Norfolk.

I have been thus particular in tracing down the line of ancestry from George, the settler, to my Grandfather Ebenezer, the soldier, because after I commenced my researches, I found that different opinions existed as to his identity, or rather as to his name. One of my esteemed relatives, Amos R. Pardee, of Skaneateles, had the tradition that my grandfather, the soldier, was named "Stephen," and in the Richard's genealogy it was stated that Anna Richards married Charles Pardee. I have therefore searched dilligently and quoted diffusely from all sorts of records accessible, and particularly from land records, showing conclusively as I think, that my ancestor, the soldier, was Ebenezer, son of Ebenezer Pardee, the deacon, of Fairfield county. I find at Norfolk in the record of burials there, Martha Pardee 1767. (My great grandmother I have no doubt.) Ebenezer Pardee's child 1771, child 1772, child 1774 and child 1775. Charles Pardee's child 1783, same Lewis 1787, same Esther 1787, and same (child) 1801, and I append a family record of the births of the other children of Ebenezer Pardee and Anna Richards, namely, Charles, born July 1st, 1769; Anna, born 1762; Ebenezer, born 1765, and Aaron, born 1768.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SPITE AGAINST THE BRITISH.

I owe a particular spite to the British for their having burned Danbury, with the records of Fairfield county, in the Revolutionary war following the events above recorded. Otherwise we would have been saved much trouble in our researches. Our family paid them back the best they could, it would seem, but in great loss to our branch of it. In our search of the Revolutionary records at Washington, we find the names of no less than 33 Pardees, who served in the Connecticut troops during that war, and I believe every one of them were descendants of George, the Huguenot settler. Besides the list is not complete as you will see by what follows.

I quote from a letter from my cousin, Amos R., a grandson of my Uncle Charles, in answer to one of mine asking for such information as he had received from his father, Amos, senior, or from his grandfather, Charles, rela-

tive to the Pardee family. Among other things he says, "In the summer of 1776 the war fever ran high, and my grandfather enlisted. He went home and told his father of it, and he said, 'Charles, you are only 16, too young for the service, I'll go myself.' He went, and after the battle of White Plains, October 28th, 1776, he died from the effects of the battle. His brother-in-law, Jed Richards, Jr., served with him and soon went home to winter, and also carried your grandfather's gun. In the spring of 1777, Richards returned and my Grandfather Charles went with him and served through the war."

My list of Pardees serving as soldiers, does not include my Uncle Charles, but he served just the same.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNFORTUNATE CAMPAIGN IN 1776.

In the spring of 1776, the British under Lord Howe, evacuated Boston, and their fleet put to sea. Gen. Washington anticipating that their destination was New York, immediately proceeded to that city, intending, if possible, to prevent their landing. All the troops that could be raised were ordered to concentrate at New York. From the records and papers concerning the War of the Revolution on file at Washington, the following extract is made:

Second Battalion Wadsworth's Brigade, Col. Gay's Regt., 1776. Battalion raised June 1776 to re-enforce Washington at New York. Served at the Brooklyn Front, just before and during the battle of Long Island, August 27. In the retreat to New York August 29-30. In retreat from New York City September 15, with main army at White Plains. Time expired December 25, 1776. (Rolls incomplete.)

Capt. Stanley's company, June 24, 1776.

NAMES.

Pardy, Samuel Sergeant; Pardy, Eli.

Captain Roger's company from Cornwall.

Pardee, Ebenezer; Pardee, Gamaliel.

Cornwall where my grandfather is shown to have enlisted, corners on Norfolk on the south-west, and the proofs coincide with what I heard when a boy from my mother and Grandmother Anna, "that my grandfather was killed in Washington's retreat from Long Island." The gun,

spoken of by my Cousin Amos, was as I have always understood, retained in the Richards family. Jedediah Richards, the third of that name, was a nephew of my Grandmother Anna, and when he and his family of nine sons all came west, they were settled near us in Ohio. I learn that some of our family saw the old musket. So far as I have ever heard, this was all the property my grandfather possessed. His widow and four children appear to have been left like thousands of other families of that fateful period, to shift for themselves. We find no account of any settlement of real or personal estate, and a government too poor to pay for service anything but continental money, not even that for pensions, to widows and orphans.

GUARDIANS FOR TWO OF THE SOLDIERS' CHILDREN.

In district of Norfolk, January 22nd, 1781, David Lewis, of Canaan, was chosen by judge of the court, guardian of Ebenezer Pardy, son of Ebenezer Pardy, of said district, deceased. Bond of £100 required. I do not say positively, but I am quite sure from what I learned from my mother, that it was with this Mr. Lewis my father learned the trade of tanner and currier. I have his book of accounts kept in Norfolk from 1787 to 1797, which proves he carried on both the tanning and shoemaking business there during that period. We further find November 5, 1781, Anna Pardy, a minor, and daughter of Ebenezer Pardy, deceased, makes choice of Elkanah Phelps for her guardian. (Page 35 Probate Records.) This was my aunt who afterwards married Sebe Brainard.

MY TWO UNCLES, CHARLES AND AARON.

In Norfolk church records we find "Charles Pardy, adult, baptised September 15, 1799. Dismissed to church in N. Y." This must have been shortly before the time when Uncle Charles removed with his family to Skaneateles, where I know he became a church member and was always called Deacon. Uncle Aaron probably lived with his mother Anna, until she married Capt. Dupuy and perhaps after that, but I have no knowledge of him until he also removed to New York state. I find in my father's account book a charge under date February 12, 1793, to Capt. Michael Mills, "To make pair of shoes for Aaron Pardee, 3 shillings; to patch one shoe for Michael, 4 pence, and to tap and new heel Aron Pardee's shoes, 1 shilling 8 pence." This indicates that Aaron was living with Capt. Mills in

my father's neighborhood, but nothing appears to show the residence of my grandmother.

ABOUT MY FATHER AND HIS GRANDMOTHER, MARTHA.

During the ten years that my father carried on business in Norfolk, he and my mother must have been very busy people. Their account book has thousands of charges for work done by my father and some by my mother, and during that time were born to them five children, viz., Sheldon, April 21, 1783; Allen, February 7th, 1790, Sunday; Sarah, December 11th, 1791, Sunday; Augustus, December 24th, 1793, and John M., February 15th, 1796. The first two, Sheldon and Allen, are names different from any others that I have been able to find as given names among my father's or mother's progenitors, and I queried for a long time why were these names selected for their first born? With the aid of one of my relatives I have solved it. My father was born in 1765 and consequently he could not remember ever having seen his Grandmother Martha, for she died in 1767 when he was only two years old, but he must have heard of her, and perhaps seen a rude grave stone to her memory. He was 11 years old when my grandfather enlisted. Probably the grave had been pointed out to him by his father or mother, and he was told that the name of her father was Allen Sheldon, and to remember this revered woman, lying in a solitary grave far from her kindred, he named his first two boys, Sheldon and Allen. The third child Sarah, was after my mother, Sarah Dutton. The fourth, Augustus, was a common name in the Pardee line, and the fifth, John M., was after my mother's father, Dr. John Minor. But if the reader shall say, why do you assert so confidently that the Martha Pardee, who was buried in Norfolk, was your grandfather's mother? I answer that she being a widow, it was most natural that she would make her home with some one of her children, and if she became acquainted with my grandmother, Anna Richards, she would be willing to live with such an agreeable woman forever.

The church record of burials show that Martha Pardee, who died in 1767 was not an infant or child of Ebenezer Pardee, as those recorded in later years were. Could it not have been, however, your grandfather's younger sister Martha? No, it could not, for my grandfather's sister Martha remained in Fairfield county, and was there married to Mr. Charles Knapp.

While I am settling these disputed matters, I will further state that the mistake made in the genealogy of the Richards family in saying that Anna Richards was married to Charles Pardee, was one easy to be made, for my Uncle Charles was likewise a soldier, and had the good fortune to live and be known long after the war. The compiler of that history, anxious to complete his book, naturally mistook Deacon Charles, her son, for the dead Ebenezer, her husband. Now as to the other mistake, that my grandfather's name was Stephen. It is also easy to see how this originated. My grandfather had a younger brother whose name was Stephen. He however remained in Fairfield county, married, and died there. In 1762 he married Ellen Barnum and died in 1795. We were not able to find his name in any of the Norfolk records, but in Capt. Holton's company of Connecticut troops, (where enlisted does not appear,) Stephen Pardy, joined August 13, 1781. Probably this may have been my honored grand uncle. I mentioned to my assistant in these researches, Miss Tracy, in the very commencement, that I remembered hearing my mother say, "she had seen an uncle of my father by the name of Stephen."

So far in carrying up and bringing down my family history, I have said very little about my mother, Anna Minor, but no one need fear that I would ever forget to reserve a place for one so loved and revered as she. Later on I will speak of my mother and her father, mother and family, as also of my grandmother, Anna Richards.

CHAPTER XX.

MY FATHER AND UNCLE AS EMIGRANTS TO THE WEST.

My father was among the earliest of that great swarm of emigrants that began to leave the New England hive shortly after the end of the Revolutionary War, for the more inviting regions of the great west. To go as far as central New York was then going to the far west. One of the last settlements in my father's books made in Norfolk that I can find, was on January 20, 1797, with Elijah Lawrence. About this time my father, mother and five children, John the youngest 11 months old, together with my Aunt Anna, her husband, Sebe Brainard, and their four or five children, packed their belongings and themselves on

two sleds or home-made sleighs, each drawn by a span of horses, and started on their journey west. They left behind them of their near relatives, Uncle Charles and family, and Uncle Aaron, probably unmarried at that time, Grandma Anna Dupuy and Grandma Sarah Minor and family. My great grandfather, Jedediah Richards, and his wife, Amy, had both died and were buried October 1784. Whether, when my father and uncle started westward, they had any definite intention how far they would go, or where they would finally settle, I do not know; but before February 27, 1797, my father had commenced working at his trade in Paris, Oneida county, New York, and his accounts show that he continued his labors in that neighborhood, and that Uncle Brainard was in the same place until the next winter. I imagine they had found "hard sled-ding" and possibly some former acquaintances, and not their intended journey's end, for in the middle of the next winter, 1797-98, they again packed up their "dudds" for a new move.

FROM ONEIDA TO ONONDAGA.

About February 1798, the two families started for Marcellus, where they all arrived and settled on the east side of Lake Skaneateles, as early as March 20, 1798; for on that day, which my father's record says was Tuesday, Charles Pardee was born. This event happened one month earlier in the spring than the birthday of my oldest brother Sheldon, thus making a flock of six children in less than ten years.

I am certain that my parents started their married life with very little except their hands, industrious habits and courageous hearts, and that their substance had but little increased in those eleven years of hard labor in Norfolk; and now with a family of eight mouths to feed, and fast increasing, with the boldness that characterized all the pioneers, they commenced again in the then wilderness of Central New York, doubtless with strong and renewed confidence.

LOT 28.

The first land purchased was soon sold, and their final settlement was on lot 28, which lies within about three-fourths of a mile, in a northeast direction, from the village at the foot of Skaneateles Lake. Here they bought about 80 acres of land, all heavily timbered with beech, maple,

birch, elm, butternut, black ash, hemlock and basswood; and for a dwelling, erected with proper sized round timbers the customary log house. Into this humble dwelling they removed, in the year 1800, and here on June 30th of that year, my brother Harry was born on Monday. Also September 8 in 1802, Ebenezer Pardee, Jr., was born. April 23d, 1804, Augustus Pardee died. He was killed by the fall of a tree, which he was chopping down; and on August 29th, 1804, Wednesday, then Augustus Pardee, second, was born. September 23d, 1806, Tuesday, then George K. Pardee was born, and on October 8th, 1803, then Aaron Pardee was born on Saturday. Lastly, November 6th, 1810, Tuesday, in Marcellus, then Julia Anna Pardee was born.

I think I was the last one born in this venerable "log cabin." History tells us that in some cases serious contentions have existed as to where certain persons were born; but if any city shall hereafter claim the honor of having been my birth-place, I wish to settle it now in advance. The town of Marcellus, now Skaneateles near the outlet of the beautiful lake of that name, is alone entitled to the honor.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WONDERS OF HUMAN MEMORY.

Human memory is one of the most wonderful things in the world. Anyone is at liberty to doubt what I shall relate of its wonders in my own experience, and I should almost doubt it myself were it possible to do so; but I see what took place more than 80 years ago, as vividly as if it happened yesterday.

In the summer of 1812, our folks made an addition to the new frame house, and I recollect seeing my brother John on the roof helping to lay the shingles. I had a swelling that summer on one of my toes, and my father took me on horseback before him to Dr. Porter to have the toe lanced. I remember Mrs. Porter's appearance, and could almost draw her portrait, it is so plainly engraved on my memory. I also see as plainly the hearth to her fireplace, laid with brick called tile, such as I had never seen before. When my father was sick in the early winter of that year, I was sent to a neighbor's for a sieve to sift meal, and I staid so long my sister Sarah came after me, and hurried

home, leaving me to come at my leisure. My father died, as is proved by his tombstone, December 22d, 1812. The night he died, with George and Augustus I staid at my Uncle Aaron's, who at that time lived in a log house near us. We were called up in the morning and told what had happened. I did not understand it, and did not cry, as my brothers did. I remember going home and seeing my father in the room where he had been during his sickness. I also remember his funeral, going to the meeting house and the grave yard. So vivid are these and the thousands of other recollections of my long life implanted on my memory, that they seem to be a part of myself; and it seems to me impossible that I and these memories will ever cease to be, and yet I was only four years and two months old when father died. What I have mentioned above about my Uncle Aaron and his wife, is the first recollection I have of ever seeing them. They must have been married in Connecticut before my people left Norfolk, as at this time my uncle owned the farm on which they lived, and had a daughter Anna, at least six years older than myself. She was their only child, afterwards married to Calvin Taylor. My aunt was always called Aunt Gillin, but her name before marriage was Angeline Barber.

I never saw my Aunt and Uncle Brainard until about 1815. They had lived near us for several years after we came on to lot 23, when they sold out and moved to Alexander, Genesee county, about 1806. In 1814-15 they made us a long visit, bringing with them Grandma Dupuy. My grandmother's conversation must have been very interesting, for the stories she told and the songs that she sung, I have never forgotten.

CHAPTER XXII.

"TIS EDUCATION FORMS THE COMMON MIND."

My Uncle Charles lived on a farm between our house and the village, having settled there in 1804. He was always Deacon Charles, and had a large family, mostly girls. His oldest son, Amos, was the father of Amos R. Pardee, from whom I have frequently quoted in these memoirs.

Our place on lot 28 was on a north and south street, crossing east of 28 swamp from the road, then called the Oneida turnpike, and running from Utica through Auburn

to or towards Buffalo, to the old Genesee road, leading from the east through the town of Onondaga to Auburn and westward. There was a school house about an equal distance from us on each of these roads. Sometimes we went to school in one district and sometimes in the other. The first time I was inside of a school house, was in the spring of 1813 when my older brothers took me along one day to the north school kept by a man by the name of Parker. I was not there as a pupil but just for company. The school house was heated by a large fire-place in which was a fire kept burning. For some offense alleged against one of the young men, not of heinous nature, I was condemned to be whipped. There was a closet by the side of the fire place, and in the ceiling was a knot hole. The boy was ordered to take off his coat. His hands were then tied together with a handkerchief, the ends tied and put through the knot hole and fastened on the inside with the broom handle. This preparation was suggestive even to my young mind, that something awful was to be done. Then this brutal man took down a green beech whip, three or four feet in length, and ran it through the embers in the fire-place. I know now that it was to toughen it. When this dreadful weapon was properly tempered, he commenced to lay it upon the back of his unhappy victim. The boy commenced to scream, and I to yell with all my might. Many of the children cried heartily. I am sure he struck at least twenty blows before he let up.

We went home, and my mother and family made a loud complaint to the directors, and the inhuman schoolmaster was dismissed in disgrace. His name started downwards, but his infamy has snatched it from oblivion. In the summer of 1814, I was sent to another sort of school,—it was in the village district. This was kept by Alanson Edwards. For his kindness towards me I love him to this day; for he was kind to all, and all loved him. I learned fast; and the next summer, I and my class read the New Testament through, and commenced it the second time. I dare say he helped us pronounce the hard words. From that on, my school days were days of pleasant remembrance. I was never punished in school but once, and that was when every boy in school was feruled for swinging on the lightning rod of the meeting house. The rod fell and broke John Gibson's arm. My turn came the last one, with a couple of light taps of the ruler. This school master sometimes punished the large boys quite severely, but not out-

rageously, and thus had a good reputation for keeping order, which public opinion required in those days. A school teacher who did not whip was suspected of lacking proper discipline. Men were supposed to be the only persons fit to teach and govern schools. I never had the pleasure of being taught by a school "marm."

CHAPTER XXIII.

ABOUT MY FATHER, THE SCATTERING OF THE FAMILY AND THE WAR OF 1812.

My father's account book shows that after his arrival at Skaneateles, his business began to change from that of a cordwainer to a farmer on new land. He was dealing in cord wood, ashes, team work of horses and oxen, and in the sale of cattle, hogs, corn, wheat and potatoes, and himself and boys working by the day and job in ploughing, dragging, digging and stoning wells, and such like. His accounts with his brother Aaron are as early as 1801, with Uncle Charles 1806, and with my Uncle Amos Minor in 1799. and January 1st, 1800, one item is charged as follows: "To one bushel of wheat by your brother, 8 shillings." Which of my uncles this was, I am unable to say. My mother had only three brothers as far as I ever heard, viz.: John, Justus and Amos.

Some time before the war of 1812, my eldest brother, Sheldon, had left for himself and lived in Camillus, a town lying north of Marcellus, engaged in mercantile business. He married there to Sally Wiesner. Allen, sometime in 1811, also married Phebe Foster. Their first child, Wm. N., was born Thursday, July 30th, 1812, as shown by my father's record, who says, "then my Grandson —— was born." My sister Sarah about that time was married to Phineas Butler. I think it was in the fall of 1813, the militia was called out to repel a threatened attack upon Oswego, by the British fleet on Lake Ontario. Capt. Peterson's company, of Marcellus, including my brother Allen and Mr. Butler, marched with the militia. My brother John, then 17, was hired by the Captain as a teamster, to carry baggage. So he took our horses and wagon and started with the rest.

Later, about 1857, I procured land warrants for Allen and John for these services, and I procured a pension for

Allen on same account, which he continued to draw during his life. When my brothers and Mr. Butler were at Oswego, my sister Sally staid at our house, and one morning I was called to the north door with the family, and distinctly heard the British guns on Lake Ontario. Probably the same year, I saw many British prisoners encamped on the lake shore near the village. After my father's death our family soon began to decrease and increase. Charles found a place as clerk in Porter's store in Skaneateles. Harry became apprentice to Capt. Hecox to learn chair-making and painting, and a short time afterwards, Ebenezer got a place as clerk in a store out of town somewhere.

In the meantime my brother John, to whom mother seemed to have been particularly attached, married Eunice Chamberlin, and they came to live with us. Augustus became apprentice to Philo Dibble in the village to learn the saddlery and harness making business, thus leaving only George, myself and Julia at home with mother.

MY BROTHER GEORGE K.

One morning about the year 1817, George and myself were set to picking up stones on a young meadow. Stones were plenty, and some of considerable size. My brother had always been troubled with a cough, but scarcely ever made any complaint. We worked for two or three hours when George bought a large handful of stones to the pile, and throwing them down, said, "There, that is the last work I am going to do." He then started for the house. I expected that mother would send him back, but he did not come. When I went to dinner he was sitting reading some book. I was sent for Doctor Porter, who declared, on examination, that George had done right; that he had symptoms of consumption, and thought it probable it might be averted by careful living and proper exercise. The Doctor prescribed riding on horseback before breakfast; first a short distance, gradually increasing as his strength would permit; light exercise during the day, with careful diet, which he pointed out.

This brother of mine was a Pardee of the Pardees. He had a will of his own the Georges and Ebenezers of our race had sent down to him; determination approaching stubbornness, and persistence full of grindstone grit. He and I slept together, and during the summer, every morning as soon as daylight appeared, I would be wakened up by his rising to take his prescribed ride. By fall he show-

ed so much improvement that the doctor, on George's earnest request, consented that he should attend school that winter if one could be found near. A Mr. Ellis had a select school about a mile away. Here George was sent, and here he continued for about three years, and then studied medicine with Dr. Porter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW I GOT ALONG WITH JOHN AND MOTHER.

I do not know how my father's estate was settled, but my mother continued in possession of the farm and the farm property; and by arrangement between herself and John, he carried it on for their joint benefit. I seem to have had a divided allegiance; sometimes I worked under his directions. At all events I plowed, planted and hoed, made hay, fed cattle, and did all sorts of farm work; besides, my mother always had a loom, spinning wheel and quill wheel in the woodhouse chamber. We raised flax, and kept sheep; and I have spent hours and hours in helping hatchel the flax and pick the wool, which was carried to the carding machine, where it was made into rolls. When this was done girls would be hired to come to the house and spin it. My mother most always spun the flax herself. Then I used to spool the warp and wind it on the beam of the loom. When she had the threads properly pulled through the reed and was ready to weave, I wound her quills. All the cloth for the family, both linen and woolen, was made in this way, and frequently more for market. The woolen cloth was sent to be fulled and dressed at a factory. When the cloth was finished, a tailor measured us and cut out garments, and a woman came to the house, and sewed and fitted them together. Leather and shoes were also provided in the same economical manner. Hides were tanned on shares, and shoes made at home. I do not think I ever had a cotton shirt, or a tailor made coat, until I was 16; yet my clothing was decent and comfortable. Dean Swift wrote an epigram on the young men of his time, part of which is as follows:

"Gaming, talking, swearing, drinking,
Hunting, shooting, never thinking,
Chattering nonsense all day long,
Singing half an opera song,

Choosing baubles, rings and jewels,
 Writing verses, fighting duels,
 Mincing words in conversation,
 Ridiculing all the nation,
 And though no bigger than a rat,
 Peeping under each girl's hat."

I do not pretend that I was a perfect young man, but I deny most of the above accusations as having application to my case. I admit occasional hunting of rabbits and partridges in 28 swamp, and I add fishing instead of shooting, for I was not a good marksman; and as to fighting, I claim it was always in self defense. Writing the verses, I admit. Who could help it? The red cheeks and bright eyes of the school girls, in their pretty red flannel dresses, were too much for me. I deny peeping under their hats, but admit slyly looking over the top of a book or a slate. The return glances left scars on my heart. For ten years I attended school every winter, about half the time in the north school district, where I went one term to my brother George. He tried to teach me to write and cipher, but with poor success. I have always disliked my hand writing, and Pike's Arithmetic was too deep for me. After that, I was allowed to cut cord wood and carry it to market, by which I got money enough to buy a Daboll, from which I got all I know of figures. Susan Thomas attended my brother's school that winter, and later they were married, of which more will be said if I live to write it.

Oh the pictures on the tablet of memory, in youth,
 Appear as ineffacible as everlasting truth.

My mother, brothers, sisters, stand before my eyes again,
 And what is yet more wonderful, I hear their voices plain:
 I see the old house standing, with its windows and its doors,
 From the cellar to the garret, from the plastering to the
 floors.

I could find the beds and tables, and the chairs in every
 room,

And with my eyes blindfolded, could find my mother's
 loom.

There stands the clock old-fashioned, its weights are get-
 ting low,

The pendulum is swinging, but moving very slow.

To you this all seems dreaming, and only seems to be,
 But what to you is seeming, is real unto me.

CHAPTER XXV.

ALLEN TAKES A TRIP WEST, AND JOHN, TO BOSTON.

In 1817, my brother Allen took a trip on foot to the west. He first went to Erie, Pa., then, having crossed over to the Allegheny River, went down to Pittsburg and from there by boat to Cincinnati. From Cincinnati he traveled through Medina county to Cleveland. I think he made arrangements to buy at that time. The next year, 1818, he and my brother-in-law, Butler, and their families, moved to Ohio and settled in Wadsworth. In 1821, Harry, whose apprenticeship expired in that year, was married to Fanny Benedict. He began the business of painting houses in Skaneateles and vicinity, and I was employed with him for two seasons, during which time I learned that art and mystery. In the winter of 1822-23, a firm of merchants in the village sent several sleigh loads of pork hams to Boston, and bringing back fresh cod-fish, frozen, retailed it in that condition. My brother John furnished and drove one of the teams, and the next winter did the same thing, and brought back cotton sheeting and shirting, which he was then further employed to carry to Cleveland, Ohio. He took advantage of that trip to visit Wadsworth, and there bought the farm to which we moved the next fall. This advent of cotton goods began to displace my linen shirting. I still wore domestic linen pants, but never "linen breeches in the winter," as I have often seen done for lack of better ones.

Busily employed as I always was in helping carry on the farm, with my limited schooldays it would be natural for one to conclude, that I was quite barren in general information. I had not, it is true, up to my 16th year, ever been far from home, scarcely ever staid away over night or had any food except of mother's cooking; yet I had been once to Auburn on foot, to buy a book; several times to Elbridge, where Jacob Chamberlin, the father of my sister Eunice, lived; once to Jordan, two miles beyond Elbridge, where the state was then building the Erie Canal, and where my Uncle Amos Minor had a pail factory, which was run by machinery that he invented; once to Geddesburg and Salt Point, where Syracuse now is, and where my brother Sheldon was then in trade. My indulgent mother had often allowed me to roam and swim, hunt, fish, gather berries, wintergreens, beech and butternuts and attend general trainings; and though I was always taught how

wrong it was to take things without liberty, yet I will admit I did sometimes go with the boys and did eat water-mellons and peaches, which, however, had not been stolen, only "hooked." In these rambles and holiday excursions, I learned local geography and many other useful things; besides, we took the *Manlius Times*, a weekly paper, then published by Thurlow Weed, which I used to read, advertisements and all. I was allowed to use tallow candles freely, and I read every book we had in the house, including school books, and the Bible. Much of the contents of these books I can repeat to-day. I borrowed books of the neighbors, and finding, in the village, an old library in which my father had once had a share, I read every book it contained. In the summer of 1824, our folks began to prepare for removal to Ohio: the farm was sold, probably by order of the Surrogate, an officer equivalent to an Ohio Probate Judge, and all the personal property was disposed of, except two cows and what could be carried in two wagons. Sometime in the fore part of September, my brother Allen came from his home in Ohio, intending to return with us. But before leaving this, which was, to me, one of the most dear and hallowed spots of earth, I linger to say parting words about my grandmother, Anna Richards.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MY GRANDMOTHER, ANNA RICHARDS PARDEE DUPUY.

After my grandmother became the wife of Mr. Dupuy, they remained somewhere in New England, and at his death, she came to New York, and lived with her daughter, Anna Brainard. Her father, Jedediah Richards the first, was born at Hartford, Conn., July 8th, 1700; died at Norfolk, October 1st, 1784. Her mother was Amy Thrall, born at Windsor, January 10th, 1706; died at Norfolk, October 9th, 1784. My Grandmother Anna was born at Hartford, February 17, 1740. Her grandfather, on her father's side, was Deacon Thomas Richards, born at Hartford, 1666, died April 9th, 1749. Her grandmother was Mary Parsons, born at Springfield, December 17, 1670, died at Hartford, December 1758. Her great grandfather was John Richards, born 1631, died after July, 1712, and her great great grandfather was Thomas Richards, born in England, and died probably in Pequod War, 1637. Her

grandmother, on her mother's side, was Mindwell Moses, born at Windsor, December 13th, 1676; married to Sergeant John Thrall of Windsor, January 6th, 1697, and died there. Her great grandmother was Mary Brown, married to John Moses of Westfield, May 18, 1653, and died September 14th, 1689. Mary Brown was, as is affirmed, the daughter of Peter Brown, who came over in the Mayflower in 1620. My grandmother was also connected collaterally with The Stocking, Vere and Gunn families, all most respectable people. I have the Richards genealogy complete, but omit details. When I saw my grandmother she must have been over 70; but a more cheerful, lively, good looking old lady, I think I have never seen. I remember her ditties and her stories as I sat upon her knee. She was then called Grandma Dupuy, though I do not know that any of us had ever seen her husband, Mr. Dupuy.

A SENTIMENTAL MARRIAGE.

There is a tradition in our family regarding Mr. Dupuy, that he was a French gentleman, residing in this country at and before the war, and that he had early enlisted, and had been near to General Washington, as a member of his staff, and that, at the Battle of White Plains, he had been attracted to the case of my wounded grandfather on account of the name Pardee, which he recognized as a French name; that my grandfather, before his death, requested Dupuy, if he should die, to inform his wife and family, which Dupuy did, and that he received from my grandmother a letter of thanks for his kindness. When La Fayette came over, Capt. Dupuy sought him out, and served with him to the end of the war. As soon as he was discharged, he returned to Connecticut, where he formerly resided, and remembering my grandma's letter, and her name, sought her out and married her.

MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.

In 1872 I met in New Orleans a lady, Mrs. Mary Stein, who was a daughter of Josiah Weston, formerly of Skaneateles. Her mother was a cousin of mine and a daughter of my Uncle Charles. Mrs. Stein is now deceased, but she gave to one of our family some recollections of Grandma Dupuy, as follows:—On the occasion of the visit to this country of Marquis de LaFayette, in 1824, he passed through Skaneateles. Mrs. Stein was among the little girls selected to strew flowers on the bridge, over which the Marquis was

to pass. Grandma Dupuy was introduced to him as the widow of Capt. Dupuy, whom he well remembered, and the Marquis gallantly saluted her with "a kiss upon both cheeks."

My grandmother lies buried in the cemetery at Alexander, Genessee county, N. Y., by the side of her daughter, Anna Brainard. I endeavored to obtain some information as to the date of her demise, but did not succeed. My Uncle Aaron is also buried at Alexander.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WE EMIGRATE TO OHIO.

September 3d, 1824, our preparations for the journey to Ohio were completed. Two covered wagons, each hauled by a span of strong horses, were loaded with household goods, as full as they could be stowed, only leaving room for the women, the children and the driver. A tar bucket was hung on one hind axletree, and a water pail on the other, and a cow was tied behind each wagon. When all was ready, the question was, where was my place; and it was found that some one would have to go behind, for a while, on account of the cows, as they were not used to being led by a rope tied to a wagon. Probably, I volunteered to do this, for I know I started and walked the first day. During the journey of over 400 miles, I sometimes changed with my brothers, and drove; but in bad roads, all who were able would walk to relieve the horses. Our company consisted of eight souls, being the same number saved by the ark. These were Mother, Julia, Allen, John, Eunice, Caroline, John S., (called Jack), and myself. The fifth day we passed through Buffalo, and from there through some of the worst roads imaginable even in those days. On the 14th day, we came in sight of Cleveland, but turned south at Dean's Corners, coming through Newburg.

ARRIVAL IN OHIO, AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

I cannot describe the remainder of our journey better than to quote from the history of Wadsworth. In 1874, at a meeting held to commemorate the 60th anniversary of the settlement of Wadsworth Township, called "The Pioneers Meeting," it is said that Aaron Pardee read the following:

My dear boys and girls come and sit down around me
While I tell of the early days, things that I know;
At the age of 16 a tall Yankee they found me
In Wadsworth, one morning a long time ago.

There were four of us, John, sister Julia, and mother,
And John's wife and children, and Allen, my brother,
John he drove one wagon, and Allen the other,
And I drove two cows, and think I drove slow.

We were two weeks in coming from old Onondaga,—
We stopped every Sunday at noon, for a bite;
Turned off before reaching the bold Cuyahoga,
And in Tinker's Creek Hollow, we staid over night.
On through the Old Portage, by Josh King's we came twining
Our way round the hills, by old Henry Van Hyning;
At length just at night, while the sun was still shining,
The house of Phin. Butler, it just hove in sight.

This was in September, 1824. Butler married my sister
Sally. They lived on the corner where the road turns to
Akron. The house stood on the south side of a little stream
on Slanker's land now. Butler and Judge Pardee moved
from New York State into Wadsworth six years before,
and Al went back to help us move.

For the next three years following, I think I was busy,
I worked on a farm, and I planted and sowed.
To think how I whirled round, e'en now makes me
dizzy,

And though tall then as ever, "I specs that I growed."
At all parties and meetings and gatherings you'd find me,
At evening on horseback, with some girl behind me;
I smile and I weep, as old memories remind me,
Of the right arms around me, those nights as we rode.

So now let's go back to the scenes of our childhood;
Our youth, and our manhood, and log cabin home.
With the small spot of ground just reclaimed from the wild
wood,

Where the wild deer and wolf unmolested would roam.

Dream on dear old man, or dear lady; thy dreaming
Gives joy to thy heart, on thy countenance beaming,
Or perhaps may awaken those tears that are streaming
Down the deep furrowed cheek, for the days that are gone.

The township of Wadsworth once shown in wild glory,
As she came from the workshop of nature and God.
The trees of her forests stood lofty and hoary,

Giving shade to the soil where no white man had trod;
 But we took her, and gave her a thorough reforming,
 Her children are now her unrivaled adorning;
 We present them all happy and smiling this morning,
 Our jewels are here in the image of God.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FARMING, SCHOOL TEACHING, AND MARRIAGE MEMOIRS.

In a day or two after arriving at Wadsworth, we unloaded our goods on the farm that had been purchased of Timothy Hudson, on the hill east of Wadsworth village, and now owned by Frank Mills, Enos and John Rasor and Wm. Nolf. The next winter I went to school at the South school house, that stood on the north-east corner of the Miller farm, opposite John Sprague, and was kept by Esq. Lemuel North. Here I began to make acquaintance with the young people, and found them to be a lively set. I suppose I learned some, but do not remember just what, except boys and girls.

I worked at farming the next summer, and in the fall was engaged to teach school in the North school house, on the south side of the Akron road, opposite the farm of Judge Wm. Eyles. The price was fifteen dollars a month and board around. I was to keep a record of attendance and charge the parents in proportion to the number of days their children were present. The next winter, 1826, I taught in the South district on similar terms. Previous to this, I had found the young woman destined to be my wife, Eveline Biancy Eyles, and we were engaged to be married as soon as I should be old enough to obtain her parents' consent. She had taught school in the South school house the summer before my engagement there, and was teaching at that time in Coventry, south of where Akron now is. The Ohio canal was then being built, and I think a few buildings were then in upper Akron. I have never been proud of my school teaching, and in looking back at those days I have often wondered at my apparent success.

MARRIAGE NOT A FAILURE.

On the 8th day of October, 1827, the day I was 19, with consent of her parents, I was united in marriage to the true and faithful wife of my choice, the mother of my children; and although she has gone before me long ago, we are one

still, and I expect to meet her again soon. My kind and affectionate mother accompanied me through the woods in the foot path on a wet afternoon to the wedding. The ceremony was performed in the evening by my brother Allen, then a justice-of-the-peace. Marriages at so early a period in life are commonly discouraged as imprudent; but I am satisfied that I never did a wiser thing in my life.

My brothers, Allen and John, had by this time commenced trade in a little store erected on the farm on the hill a few rods east of Frank Mills' present residence; and as John wanted somebody to carry on the farm, it was arranged that I should go on and work it on the shares. We moved in with mother during the winter, and in the next spring she built a small frame house where Enos Razor now lives, and we lived with her there. This continued until the spring of 1834, when we moved into a new log house I had built on the Akron road west of Judge Eyles' farm. Things were moving briskly during these years. My sister Julia was married the spring before I was, to Orlando Beach; and having lived with his father awhile, they built on a part of the old gent's farm, on the road north of the center. On June 6th, 1829, our oldest son, William Eyles Pardee, was born, and on April 27, 1831, Henry Clay Pardee was born.

My brother George had graduated as a physician, and had commenced practice as early as 1828, and built a house on a piece of the old farm just west of Frank Mills' present residence, and married Susan Thomas about 1829. My brother Sheldon and family moved here in 1833. He was in bad health when he came, and grew worse and died May 6, 1834. The family later removed to Michigan. My brother Augustus was here some time before Sheldon, and having established a harness shop, had married Susan Newcomb about 1829. My brother Harry had moved to Ohio and had established a chair factory at Middlebury. A. and J. Pardee had built the old stone store; and Allen, the old hotel across the street, since burned down.

When in the spring of 1834, we gathered our traps for removal to our own house, I found myself possessed of fifty acres of entirely new land, which had cost \$150. deeded to me by my brothers John and Allen, one horse and one cow, one lumber wagon and a yoke of oxen. The land was supposed to cover my share of my father's estate. The cow was for one sheep given to me eighteen years before by Uncle Aaron, with increase by doubling every four years.

The rest of the property was what I had gained by farming on shares. I immediately went in debt over \$200 for ten or twelve acres more land, bought of Uncle Joe Loomis, father of Orrin Loomis, who married my wife's eldest sister, Mary Ann Eyles. This purchase had to be made to bring me out to the Akron road. Most of the household furniture was given to my wife by her parents. Thus equipped I started to clear my land, build a barn and to buy seven acres more to widen my front, and build a new frame house. January 18, 1835, our oldest daughter, Almira Susan, was born in the log house; and on March 29, 1837, our third son, Don Albert Pardee, was born. In 1838 I traded with my brother Allen, giving him my farm for the place on which I now reside, and to which I removed in December 1838.

FARMER AND LAWYER.

In the four and one-half years spent upon my new farm many other things had taken place. I had fenced 30 or 40 acres and mostly cleared it off. I did a good deal of this with my own hands, but I hired help on the farm and worked at my trade. I can point out a great many buildings still standing that I painted. I was constable, and deputy sheriff under Sheriff Clark: I attended lawsuits, and studied law with my nephew Eugene Pardee, and in December, 1837, was admitted by the Supreme Court in bank at Columbus to practice law. I made the journey on horseback, six days on the road going and coming.

Since that time my foot prints can be traced easily enough by others, and I shall not go over the route myself, only to say, that for more than 53 years I have attended every session of court held in Medina, except one when absent from home, and many times in neighboring counties; and up to the day this is written, October 8th, 1895, have had and now have cases pending in the courts.

However, I have never been a lawyer exclusively. In 1858, when called upon to state my occupation, I had to say, "lawyer and farmer," and might have truthfully added, merchant, but happily, not merchant very long.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FAMILY RECORD.

At the risk of duplicating some matters already stated, I here place my family record.

Aaron Pardee, born at Marcellus, now Skaneateles, Onondaga county, N. Y., October 8th, 1808; married October 8th, 1827, at Wadsworth, Ohio, to Eveline B. Eyles, who was born at Kent, Litchfield county, Conn., March 30, 1807.

Children of above, born at Wadsworth, O.:

William Eyles Pardee, born June 6th, 1829: was admitted to the bar: married Helen Dickey, of Mentor, Ohio; moved to Nebraska City. 1855: returned in 1862, and died in Mentor, Lake county, April 9th, 1865: buried in Mentor cemetery.

Henry Clay Pardee, born April 27, 1831: admitted to the bar: married Catharine Houck, 1859: moved to Nebraska, returned, and Catharine died, 1865. Appointed postmaster at Wadsworth, 1866; married to Harriet E. Bailey in 1866: in 1870 elected auditor of Medina county, served four years: died at Wadsworth, October 26, 1894.

Almira Susan, born January 17th, 1835: married John G. Houston, 1856, who died at New Orleans, 1884. Almira died August 24th, 1890; buried in Wadsworth cemetery.

Don Albert, born March 29th, 1837: educated at Naval Academy, Annapolis, four years: resigned, studied law, admitted to bar, practiced in Medina: married Julia E. Hard, 1861: enlisted in 42d Reg. O. V. I.: drilled regiment in camp Chase: commissioned as major: was with regiment three years: discharged 1864, breveted Brigade General. After war, settled in New Orleans, La. Is there still, acting as U. S. Circuit Judge, 5th Circuit. Has a summer home in Wadsworth, called "Vacation Ridge."

George Kendrick Pardee, born March 1st, 1839, married Caroline C. Hard, 1859. Enlisted 1862, as private in 42nd Regiment: served in all campaigns until regiment was discharged, then transferred and was finally discharged in 1864, rank, Captain. Studied law, practiced in Akron 20 years: died January 7th, 1893: was buried in Wadsworth cemetery.

Frances Mary, born December 25th, 1844: married Vance Patterson Wilkins, 1868. Wilkins served as a Lieutenant in some Ohio Regiment for three years. They carried on farming eight or nine years, when he died September 24th, 1873. Frances began to decline in health, so that in the winter of 1876, she was induced to go to New Orleans for her health. But in the spring, Dr. Briggs went after her, and she died May 13th, 1876. Fanny and her husband are both buried in the Wadsworth cemetery.

Charles Aaron, born May 30th, 1847, died March 31st 1848. Buried in Wadsworth cemetery.

Elle Noraa, born September 5th, 1850: married to Dr. Wallace A. Briggs, 1871. Removed to Sacramento, Cal., 1877. Dr. Briggs is still in practice there. He is one of the associate editors and publishers of the Occidental Medical Times.

Evelyn Sutliff, born September 14th, 1853. Married Olivia Donat, July 10th, 1877. She died January 9, 1882. Married Alice B. Kichline, August 25th, 1886. They reside in Wadsworth village. I live with them.

CHAPTER XXX.

GRAND CHILDREN OF AARON AND E. B. PARDEE.

Children of William E.:—Harriet Eveline, married to Will Parshall, civil engineer; residence, Akron, Ohio. Inez, married to Edward Sawyer. Blanch, married to William Sawyer. They are cattlemen. Firm, Sawyer Bros., residence, Beaver county, Utah. James D. Pardee, married to Lillie Moore. They live at Salt Lake, Utah. He is a lawyer and is engaged extensively in promoting canals for irrigation.

Children of Henry C. Pardee:—Eveline Rebecca, married to J. B. Showers, Wadsworth, Ohio. Gertrude E., married to H. C. Oberholtzer, Wadsworth, Ohio. Violet P., married to S. C. Durling, Mansfield, O. Myrtle M., married to Charles A. Teeple, Akron, Ohio. Jessamine, married to J. H. Durling, Wadsworth, Ohio.

Children of George K. Pardee:—Karl Aaron, married to Bertha Koch, "Troy Laundry." Lionel S., attorney. Julia A., married to William Stoner. William Eyles, at Cincinnati Law College. All reside at Akron, Ohio.

Children of Frances M. Wilkins;—Belle and Vance P. were, at their mother's death, taken by their Uncle Don and Aunt Julia to New Orleans, where they were brought up. Belle is with Dr. Brigg's family in Sacramento, and is a teacher in city high school. Vance graduated in June, 1895, at Michigan University, Ann Arbor, and is now employed in the office of the chief engineer of St. Louis Southwestern railroad, in Texarkana, Arkansas.

Son of E. S. and Olivia Pardee, Don Aaron. Graduated at Wadsworth high school, June, 1895, highest in his class, which entitled him to a full course admission to Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio, where he now is.

GREAT GRAND CHILDREN, NOVEMBER 28, 1895.

Mrs. H. E. Parshall's children: Inez, aged 14; Gladys Edward and Don Aaron.

Children of Blanche Sawyer: Helen, George and Pardee.

Child of James D. Pardee, daughter, Salt Lake.

Mrs. Eveline R. Showers' children: Katy, Mary and Jessie.

Mrs. Violet P. Durling's boy, James K.

Mrs. Gertrude Oberholtzer, son Karl.

Karl Aaron Pardee, son Richard Lamonte.

DECEASED GRAND CHILDREN.

Dora E., daughter of Almira S. Houston, married to Frank Rounds, died May 7, 1875, aged 17 years, 9 months and 23 days. A beautiful and most amiable woman. Buried in Wadsworth cemetery.

Aaron, son of Henry C. and Harriet E. Pardee, born June 2nd, 1868. A promising young man. Died January 25th, 1886. Buried in Wadsworth cemetery.

Elle Olivia, daughter of E. S., and Olivia D. Pardee, died April 2nd, 1883, aged 2 years, 9 months and 7 days. Buried in Wadsworth cemetery. "Heaven gives its favorites early death."—Byron's Childe Harold.

NEPHEWS AND NIECES OF AARON PARDEE.

Children of Sheldon Pardee and Sally Weisner: John W., Ann, George, Jane, Ruth and Charles.

Children of Allen Pardee and Phebe Foster. William N., Eugene, Lauraette, Julia Ann, (died young), Ann, Norman and Editha.

Children of Sarah and Phineas Butler: Ann, Pardee, George, Sylvanus, Sarah and Louisa.

Children of John Pardee and Eunice Chamberlain: Carolina, John S., Emily, Minerva, Charles, George Kirby, (died young), Virginia and Jane.

Child of Charles Pardee and Eliza Kilbourn: Frances, (died, a young woman.) All, father, mother and daughter, buried in Skaneateles cemetery.

Children of Harry Pardee and Fanny Benedict: Margaret, Henry, James, Horace, Edward, Mary, Elijah, Luther and Martha.

Children of Ebenezer Pardee and Almira Brace: Harriet E., Richard H., Katharine, James, Mary, Joseph and Lizzie. (Ebenezer and Samuel died young.)

Children of Augustus Pardee and Susan Newcomb: Augusta, Odin, Jane, Julia, Welton, (died young), J. Jay, Edgar and Julian.

Children of Julia Ann, and Orlando Beach: Eliza is widow of L. Dickinson, and Electa. (died young.)

MORE DISTANT COLLATERALS.

Some of the second generation or children of nephews and nieces.

Children of William N. Pardee and Caroline Pardee: Dymia, married to ——— Baldwin, has children and grandchildren; Andron, a soldier, killed at second Bull Run; Adele, married to Henry Hilliard, has children and a grandchild.

Children of John S. Pardee and Emeline Benedict: Ephraim Kirby Pardee, married and lives in Illinois, and Ella, married to William Woods, Illinois.

I could mention many more of the same relationship, but as I cannot make a complete list, I forbear.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THREE WOMEN. MY MOTHER, MY SISTER EUNICE, AND MY WIFE EVELINE.

I place these dear names together, as I think of them all once together, much of the time, in one house on the old farm on east hill, 1828 to 34.

MY MOTHER.

Any one who has been interested enough to read so far what I have written. knows my mother. There is said to be a genealogy of the Minor family, compiled by one of the name, but I have never seen it. I have seen two of my mother's brothers, Justus Minor, of Geauga county, Ohio. and Amos. of Jordan, N. Y., and one sister, Betsy Turner, widow of Herekiah Turner. Of her mother, Sarah Dutton. she has often spoken; and I find by my father's record that she was living in Norfolk as late as 1776, designated as Widow Sarah Minor. My mother was six years old in the spring of 1778, after the cold winter passed through by General Weshington and army at Valley Forge; and that was the last that she, or any of the family, ever saw my grandfather, Dr. John Minor. He had been a successful practitioner of medicine, in Norfolk, for sixteen years, and was then about thirty-seven years old. His

children were John, Justus, Thedee, Anna, Betsey and Amos. [As to the name Thedee, I am not certain.] The summer before my grandfather went away, he had built a new framed house, and during the severe winter following was obliged to burn the logs of the old house to keep the family from freezing. He was never a strong man, and suffered much with a pulmonary affection that winter. On this account he had often spoken of going to a milder climate. His determination to do so was probably hastened by a circumstance about which I am going to speak.

When I was about ten years old, I found, packed away in an old trunk, a book, the title of which attracted my curiosity. It was named "Minor's Apology." I read some of it and took it to my mother for further information, when she related to me as follows: "Your grandfather was an educated man. He was a graduate of a college in New York. When he came to Norfolk, he, as everybody else did, united with Priest Robbins' church, the only one in town. During the year before he went away, a man by the name of Case, mentioned in the book you have, complained to the church against your grandfather for heresy. If you read the book which he wrote and published, you will find an account of the trial, and what your grandfather said in his defense." She added that the result of the trial, which left him outside of the church, doubtless increased his desire to go away.

I read the book, and found that in conversation with his accuser on Jewish customs, my grandfather had referred to David, the man after God's own heart, as having more wives than one; and thought it strange that Jesus and the apostles had never condemned it, if it was wrong.

This Mr. Case thought an awful heresy, and so did the pastor and probably all the brethren, and so decided. The argument of my grandfather was able; and while he declared, that although the Bible did not condemn plural marriages, he approved of the modern customs and laws on the subject the truth was, he was a little ahead of the times, and would not recant what was clear to his own mind. Old puritanism was admirable in many things. I always liked firmness. They, however, carried it to fatalism,—"'Tis so, cause 'tis so," "you can" and "you can't." "You will" and "you wont," "you'll be damned if you do, and be damned if you don't."

But my mother said he had fully determined to remove south, and sold his property and gathered together 40

pounds in gold, which he sewed into his saddle pad; and the remainder, about 80 pounds, was left for the family to collect and bring with them when he found a place. The morning he went away, he gathered his family around him, taking his three youngest children, Anna, Betsey and Amos the baby on his knees, he sung his favorite song, "The Friar." (See Scott's *Ivanhoe*, chapter 17.) He knew, as did the family, that he was starting on a dangerous journey; and after each had received the farewell kiss, they watched him until lost to sight. Little did they dream that he had taken his final departure. But "alas! Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold." Not one reliable word was ever heard of my grandfather from that time, except, that one of his acquaintances in Canaan, the next town west of Norfolk, had met him that afternoon as my grandfather was riding up Canaan Mountain. He was on his road to Albany, intending to avoid the regions where the war was raging, and expected to return the next spring for his family. Writing, unless by messenger, was not to be depended upon; and therefore a year passed without the family's becoming alarmed. To this day all inquiries have proved fruitless. He was doubtless a victim to the violence of the times. As was to be expected, some envious persons suggested that my grandfather's absence was an intentional abandonment of his family, carrying out his alleged principles. In regard to this, however, my mother told me that my grandfather expressly declared at all times that he did not believe in plural marriages. He had only said to Case, his accuser, that they were nowhere condemned in the Bible, but were properly forbidden in the laws of all civilized nations. Secondly, she said that no man was ever on better terms with his wife and family than was my grandfather, or exhibited more love and affection towards them than he always did. Thirdly, that a member of Congress from Connecticut took it upon himself to enquire of all members from southern states, for Dr. John Minor; and although the name of Minor was frequently found, her father never could be found.

I add that, at that time, our population of only three millions was limited to states along the coast, east of the mountains; and that a man of Dr. Minor's ability could not have hidden had he wished to. There is no possible ground for doubting that he died or was killed in less than one year from his departure from Norfolk.

UNCLE JOHN MINOR.

My mother's oldest brother, John, met with sudden death about 1804, by the fall of a tree in a tornado when he was standing in the door of his log house in Geauga county, Ohio. He and his wife and three children moved from Connecticut to Wyoming, Pa., to settle on land sold to them by Connecticut parties, but were driven off by the Pennamites, as they were called. The wife died from the hardships of the journey to Ohio. When the storm came up one evening, the father placed his three children in the little cellar, and was looking out of the door as a large tree fell, and crushed him to the ground. The oldest child, a girl of 12 years, left the other children in the ruined house, after having cheered them as well as she could, to go for help. She started about seven at evening through the darkness and devastation, to walk to the nearest neighbor, 1½ miles, and arrived there at four the next morning. The little ones were found alive and unhurt. Thus were these orphans thrown out upon the wilderness world. When we moved to Ohio in 1824, we staid all night in Harpersfield, Ashtabula county, with the courageous girl who took that difficult and dreary tramp. She was then the widow Harper, the owner of a fine farm with a nice family of children around her. She told us the story.

A GREAT INVENTOR.

My uncle Amos Minor was a natural mechanical genius. He emigrated from Norfolk soon after my parents did. I find by my father's records, that he was at Skaneateles in Oct., 1800. Soon after that he made and patented a very valuable invention called "Minor's Patent Wheel-head." This was simply a double gearing of the old fashioned wheel-head used in spinning wool, so that at every turn of the big wheel the spindle would turn, I suppose, 1,000 times, thus increasing the speed of the twist 20 fold. They cost him, say, 25 cents, and could be sold for two dollars. This was getting rich too fast, as they were called for faster than he could make them. So, like others of his sort, he sold out for a song, and invented something else. His next invention was a machine to make window sash. This he used awhile with profit, but not long. When I last knew him, he was making pails and similar articles by patent machinery, in partnership with his oldest son Frank, and was making money.

John, his next son, came west and set up a flourishing

business of the same kind, making all the machinery from memory, and carried it on at Fallston, Pa., for several years, without his father's knowing where he was, or what he was doing. Uncle Amos had a large family, but I was not acquainted with the others.

DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

I spent the winter of 1850-51 in Columbus. On February 12th, 1851, my mother died, aged 80 years. I was immediately informed, but not in time to be present at her funeral. Telegraphs and railroads were not available at that time. People have often spoken and written of the exceptional goodness of their mothers. I believe them all, but defer to none of them. I devoutly believe that Solomon never saw or described a better woman than my mother.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SISTER EUNICE AND FAMILY.

My Sister Eunice—I call her “sister” because she was all to me that the word implies, though not of my blood. We lived together in one family for many years in perfect amity. She never spoke a harsh word to me but once—that was when her oldest son, John S., fell over my feet and broke his arm. Who could blame a mother for that? Eunice was the daughter of Jacob Chamberlin and Sarah Seymour, of Colebrook, Litchfield county, Conn., where Eunice was born about 1797. In 1815, the family were living in Elbridge, N. Y., in which year she and my brother John were married, and immediately commenced to live with us in Skaneateles.

In the Chamberlin family, were eight children as follows: Lydia, Polly, Eunice, Minerva, Ephraim Kirby, Emily, Harriet and Henry Clay.

Polly Chamberlin married Jedediah Richards, who was of the same Richards family as my Grandmother Anna. He was the fourth Jedediah in regular succession in that line. They lived in Elbridge, and moved to Wadsworth about the time the Chamberlins did,—sometime in the forties. It was this Jedediah that made one of four spoken of in the Richards' genealogy, said by Rev. Mr. Robbins to have been seen reaping together in a field, in Norfolk; being the son, the father, the grandfather, and

great grandfather, all first born of four generations. He also had a son, but broke the chain by calling him Henry Jedediah.

The next sister, Minerva, married Dr. Elijah Kendrick, of Elbridge. They came west and settled in Wadsworth, remaining four or five years, where the Doctor practiced medicine. About 1850, he was appointed superintendent of the insane asylum at Columbus, continuing several years. Minerva died, and he married Lydia, her sister. Oscar, Minerva's son, studied medicine. Dr. Kendrick owned land east of Cleveland, and died there. Oscar still lives in that vicinity.

Ephraim K. studied medicine with Dr. Kendrick. After graduating, he settled in Cincinnati, enlisted and served through the Mexican War as a surgeon in the 1st Ohio Regt., Col. Mitchel. After the war he came back to Cincinnati, and died there before 1850. Emily came west with her father, and died at Fallston, Pa.

Harriet was nearer my age, and she lived with us in New York a considerable time. We left her there, and she married Squire Monroe. Henry, the youngest, was always a great friend of mine. He studied and became a doctor, and practiced at Fallston, Pa., where he married, but died there before 1854. Jacob Chamberlin, the father, died in 1849, and lies buried by the side of his wife, Sarah, in Wadsworth cemetery. Eunice was a most excellent, pleasant, and agreeable woman. The mother of Timothy was not possessed of more "unfeigned faith." She believed in humanity as well as divinity. She was reverent to her parents, affectionate to her husband and children, and strongly attached to her friends. My brother John and his family were drawn by circumstances so near to me and mine, that, when they removed to Wisconsin, it was like the severing of heartstrings. I visited them several times at their chosen home; but old age and its infirmities took them off, and John and Eunice lie together in the cemetery at Pardeeville. We were always friends, and realized the truth of the words of David: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." So much for another good woman and her family.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MY WIFE.

The mother of my children, whom I loved and married forever and for aye, Eveline Biancy Eyles, was a daughter of William Eyles and Polly Derthick. She was born in Kent, Litchfield county, Conn., March 30th, 1807. Her father was also born there August 16th, 1783. Joshua Eyles, the father of William, was a native of England; and came to this country shortly before the War of the Revolution, and settled in Litchfield county, where he died, leaving a widow and a family of young children. John, the oldest son, married, but remained in Connecticut. He died there leaving no children. Mary, a sister, died unmarried. Olive was married to a Mr. Andrus in the east, became a widow, and remarried to a Mr. Randall, of Norton, Summit county, Ohio. Sally married a Mr. Judd. Matilda married Wm. Batterson, Portage county; and Lois married a Mr. Abbott, moved to Wadsworth, and died in this vicinity.

In 1813, Judge Eyles and his family, then consisting of wife and four children, viz.: Mary Ann, Eveline, a child named Clarinda who died on the journey, and William Madison, came west, crossing the Allegheny Mountains by the old Braddock road, down the Youghiogheny, and through Pittsburg to Palmyra, Trumbull county, Ohio, where they lived about a year, and then moved to Portage township, now a part of Akron. Here Mr. Eyles bought a farm, and built a log house, where the old "Summit House" Hotel used to be. In January 1820, he sold out and removed to Wadsworth, onto the farm, on the Akron road, still called the "Eyles Farm." His children had increased by one, Clarinda-Elvira, born in Portage; and here in Wadsworth were born Betsey-Maria, Ann-Louisa, and Viola-Matilda.

Polly Derthick was born in Colchester, New London Co., Conn., September 22, 1782. She was the daughter of a Baptist clergyman, Rev. Ananias Derthick, long settled in Colchester, where he lived to great age. I have seen him and heard him preach, but have never heard more of him. I believe he was of the Puritan stock, and that his forefathers were English. Mrs. Eyles had two brothers, viz.: James and John Turner, and one half brother, Julius; also three sisters, viz.: Mary Ann, married a Mr. Benson, Sally, to Joseph Dean, and Nancy, to Lewis Batterson. These all came west, unless it was the Bensons.

James owned a farm, where he lived a long time, in Portage county; later, moved to Norton, Summit county. He was the father of Adeline Derthick, first wife of Gurdon Hilliard. Their son, Nelson, married Julia Abbott, a niece of Judge Eyles, and they reside in Bedford, Cuyahoga county. James Derthick's other children were Algebin, Corydon, Ananias and Mary Ann.

Algebin Derthick learned the trade of a cooper from Judge Eyles, and carried it on in Norton for some time, and then moved back to Portage county. I think it is one of his descendants that has been connected with the State Board of Agriculture. Corydon married, and raised a family in Norton, and died there. I am not acquainted with his children. Ananias married, and moved to Bedford. Mary Ann married Lyman P. Osborn, of Coventry. They had three sons and three daughters. They have all gone west except Minnie, married to Ralph Bennett. My list of near friends contains the names of Minnie and Ralph. John Turner Derthick was never married. He was a life-long schoolmaster. He began in Connecticut, taught long in New Jersey, came to Wadsworth, and taught one term, say 1849, and died soon after. He prided himself on having but two rules in his school. The first was, "Every scholar must mind his own business." The second was, "Shut the door." Julius Derthick came here once, on his way to Wisconsin, where he settled. Of Aunt Mary Ann Benson and her family I know nothing.

Aunt Sally Dean had three children of whom I knew two, viz.: Orson and Miranda. Orson lived with Judge Eyles, and his Aunt Polly, as long as his aunt lived, and then with William Madison, their son. Orson was peculiar; but one more honest, and true, was never found. He was a walking almanac. He is buried in Wadsworth cemetery. His sister Miranda went from here to Canfield, married, and remained there.

Orson's father, Joseph, came here from Canfield after the death of Sally, and worked for me some time, faithfully. He went back to Canfield, where he had a brother William, and died there.

Aunt Nancy, and her husband Lewis Batterson, lived in Wadsworth when I first saw the town. Their place was a few acres off the north side of the Eyles farm. They had a large family, and after his death, the widow and all the family moved to Wisconsin, except the oldest, Griselda. She had married Peter Mills, who died, and her two children went with their grandmother.

Grisselle, as we always called her, remained and lived with us a good many years, a most faithful and true friend. At last, she followed her children to Wisconsin, about 1859. She left with the blessings of all my family.

As I am writing now for my family, and their immediate relatives, naturally much of what I say will not interest others. I allow any one to skip all or any part, and I go on to speak of my father, and my mother, William and Polly Eyles. As to Judge Eyles, I quote the following from Brown's Memorial of Wadsworth: "Mr. Eyles was a remarkable man. He inherited nothing from his father but a good constitution, and a strong mind. He was a cooper by trade, which he followed in connection with farming, for many years, during which he accumulated considerable property. His early education was quite limited, but he made it up by an unusual share of natural ability and good sense. He was much respected by his neighbors, and fellow citizens; this was manifested by their keeping him in public office without his asking. He was justice of the peace in Portage, and afterward in Wadsworth, in all more than twenty years; he was county commissioner, one or two terms, twice elected to the legislature; and served one term (seven years) as Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was originally a Jeffersonian Democrat, but voted for John Quincy Adams, in 1824, and 1828; was afterwards a Van Buren man, and finally, a Republican of the straightest sect; but he always asserted, and believed, that he had never changed his politics in the least. In religion, he was by education a Congregationalist, but while living in Portage township, he and his wife united with the Baptists. In 1824, Mr. Eyles and his wife assisted in forming the first church of Disciples of Christ, in Wadsworth; and both continued earnest and consistent members of that church during life. No citizen of Medina county ever left a better example to those who should come after him, than did Judge Eyles."

Such was the man, Hon. William Eyles. His wife, Polly Derthick, was a woman fit in every respect to be united to such a man; and my wife Eveline was a fit daughter of such a pair. She resembled, and venerated both her father, and her mother. She and her mother believed in Woman's Rights, but were satisfied to let fathers, husbands and brothers, do the voting for the family, never dreaming that they lost any rights thereby. They consid-

ered matrimony as a partnership affair, and were generally consulted in all important matters, and were content.

Mrs. Eyles died September 27th, 1849, aged 67 years and 7 days. About 1851, Judge Eyles married Mrs. Mary Pierce, an estimable widow lady, from Minerva, Stark county. They removed from the farm to his house in Wadsworth village, and lived there until the Judge died, February 11th, 1870. A monument to the memory of Wm. and Polly Eyles stands on the east side of the middle passway in Wadsworth cemetery.

While my mother, and the father and mother of my wife, lived, each of us had one father and two mothers. Our mutual regard towards these persons resembled that of Ruth to Naoma, "Thy people shall be my people." I have already spoken of the harmony between my mother and Eveline, and there was always the same agreement between me and her parents. "Charity never faileth." Love is Eternal.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EVELINE'S BROTHER AND SISTERS.

Mary Ann Eyles was married, in 1823, to Orrin Loomis. When I first knew them, they lived in a log house, on the south side of the Akron road, near in front of where Weaver's mill now is. Their first son, Oscar, was a baby. Oscar married Ardula Randall, of Mentor. She died there in the winter of 1892-93, and Oscar lives with his son Charley, in Painesville.

Joseph Fowler was the next son, and lost his life in the army, during the Rebellion. He left a family, and has a son Frank, who is chief engineer in the fire department at Akron, O. Mary Ann's only daughter, Julia Ette Loomis, married Luke Smith, of Mentor. They moved to Illinois and raised a family. He died, and she moved to Mendota, where she died in 1894.

Albert, third son, is married, and lives in New Haven, Conn. Edwin, fourth son, married in Mentor, and moved, with his father and mother, to near Bloomington, Ill., 1866. (Orrin, Senior, and family had removed to Mentor in 1840.) On the farm near Bloomington, Orrin and Mary Ann died in the seventies. Edwin was still there when last heard from.

Fifth son, Frank Loomis, married and lived in Titusville, Pa., employed as book-keeper for Standard Oil company for many years; he is now deceased.

Orrin Jr. is married—did live near his father in Illinois, and is now somewhere in the west.

William M. Eyles married Matilda Newcomb, daughter of Rev. Obediah Newcomb; had four children. Malvinia married a Mr. Monet, of Crawford county, where she went and soon died. She was a charming girl, and a most sweet singer. In 1849, Matilda died; and Mr. Eyles married Mary Harris, a sister of D. L. Harris, in 1850, and they moved to Wadsworth village, where he died in 1876. His widow, Mary H., now lives in town with her niece, Mrs. N. S. Everhard. Madison's oldest son, Wm. N. Eyles, married Carolin Hard, daughter of Dr. Hanson Hard. Lived on the old farm, after his grandfather died, nine or ten years—moved to Florida in 1887—returned, and died here in 1892. His widow owns part of the old homestead, but lives at De Land, Florida.

Son, Arthur, died when a young man. Daughter, Emma, married Wm. Freeborn. They have three children: Pearl, married to a Mr. Hastings, of Florida; Della, teacher in Cleveland; Will lives here with his parents. Emma owns part of the old homestead. They also have a place at Interlachen, Florida.

Clarinda E. Eyles married Albert Hinsdale, 1834. Albert was the youngest son of Elisha Hinsdale, Sr., of Norton, a soldier of the Revolution, who is buried in Town Line cemetery, north of Western Star. They lived a short time with his mother, on the old farm on the Akron road, east of Philemon Kirkham, another Revolutionary soldier, now buried in Wadsworth cemetery. They moved to Wadsworth, to what is now called the Hinsdale farm, about 1836, where were born their five children, Ellen, Burke Aaron, Rolden O., Wilbert B. and Louise. Ellen died in 1847, and Louise in 1876. Mrs. Hinsdale died in 1880, and Albert in 1882.

Burke A. Hinsdale is eminent as a teacher, and is a professor in the Michigan University at Ann Arbor. He was born in 1837, graduated at Hiram College, and became a minister among the Disciples of Christ. In 1866, he was one of the editors of the Christian Standard, and in 1870, President of Hiram College. He is a lecturer and author of some celebrity. He is married and has three daughters, all teachers. One of them is in Germany at present, perfecting her education.

R. O. Hinsdale is a prominent farmer in Wadsworth; himself and wife, who was Maria S. Chamberlain, are leading people in all agricultural societies. He has one son, George, a teacher and farmer, in Columbiana county; and three daughters, Louise, teacher in Cleveland high school; Maude is a stenographer in the same city; and Grace, attending Wadsworth high school. Mr. Hinsdale is a Republican, and was elected representative to the General Assembly, at the last election, with the highest majority of any one on the ticket.

Wilbert B. Hinsdale is married to Stella T. Stone. They have one son, Albert Euclid. Wilbert was a popular school teacher—studied medicine, graduated, and settled in Cleveland. Lectured in medical college there, and is at present Dean of the Homeopathic Department of Medicine at Ann Arbor, Michigan University.

Betsey Maria Eyles married Reuben N. Woods, of Wayne county, O., where they settled in Chippewa township, in Woods' Hollow, and carried on farming and the milling business for some years. They then sold out and lived in Wadsworth two or three years, removing to Illinois about 1856-57. They settled first on a large farm in Lee county, but later, removed to Mendota, LaSalle county, where they spent the balance of their lives. Betsey died first, in 1891; Reuben in 1892. They are buried together in Mendota. Their children were: Arvilla, married to Dr. Smurr, formerly of Wayne county, O. They now live in Ottawa, LaSalle county, Ill. I know one of their children, a most interesting girl, Mary Alice, called "Bonnie." William Woods, an only son, married to Nelle Pardee. She was the only daughter of John S. Pardee, son of John and Eunice. Wm. lives in Brookfield, Lee county. I am not acquainted with their children. William is a long-time justice of the peace. Fredrica is married to Mr. George Baine, an attorney at law, and they reside in Lacon, Marshall county, Ill. Mary is married to Mr. Frederic Lawrence, a farmer of LaSalle county; at present they reside in Ottawa; they have two children, son and daughter.

Eveline, the youngest daughter of Betsey and Reuben, an accomplished and interesting young woman, died at Mendota, before her parents, to the great sorrow of all her acquaintances.

Ann Louisa Eyles was married to D. L. Harris, of Stark county, O. They soon settled in Chippewa, Wayne county, in 1843 on a farm. In 1850 Harris went to Califor-

nia and washed gold, for over two years, and his wife and children moved to Wadsworth. He came back, sold his farm, and went to Illinois about 1853, and bought land in Lee county, to which he moved in 1854. While in California he ran for the Legislature and came within three votes of election. He was a member of the House of Representatives of Illinois for two terms from Lee county. After they left their farm they moved to Mendota, where they now reside. Their children were Mary Viola, married to a Mr. Merifield, formerly of Mendota, a manufacturer of church organs, now in Ottawa. They have one daughter, Louise.

Madison Reynolds Harris, first son of Lin, is married and lives in Chicago. He is an attorney, has been a member of the city council and also a member of the Illinois Legislature.

Frank Harris graduated as a civil engineer. He was employed in railroad work, and died young.

Cora Harris, a promising daughter, died about the time her parents moved to Mendota.

Clara Harris married a Mr. Edgecomb. Died, leaving two sons. One is living with his grandparents.

Viola M. Eyles married James McGalliard, of Wadsworth, in 1847. They had Elta C., married to Hiram Root. Root enlisted in an Ohio regiment, was wounded badly, lost the cap of one knee, and is a life pensioner. They had two sons and one daughter. Elta is deceased. Hiram remarried to Miss Mary Snell.

Edgar Emmet McGalliard, son of Viola and James, married to Kate Rowley. James McGalliard died and was buried in Wadsworth cemetery. The widow and rest of the family all reside in Akron, O.

Having concluded what I had to say concerning my mother, my sister Eunice, and my dear departed wife, and their relatives, their virtues and their graces, I now venture to express the hope that no descendant of mine, will ever be found smiling at any of the stale jokes perpetrated to the disparagement of "Mothers-in-law;" or those of Artemus Ward about "First wife's relations." They are however at liberty, to take which side they please in the debate between Max O'Rell and Mark Twain as to whether the French people, or the Americans, are engaged in the more laudable undertaking, the one searching to find their fathers and the other their grandfathers. My labors in the latter line have been somewhat prolonged, but by no means unpleasant, and I shall leave them soon with a

mixture of satisfaction, and regret; satisfaction at my success in my researches, and regret that there can be no return of the pleasant hours spent in the employment.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SPECIALTIES, AND SOME GENERALITIES.

The firm of A. & J. Pardee.—This firm consisted of my two brothers, Allen and John Pardee. They formed a partnership and established a store of general merchandise in Wadsworth as early as 1826. This was the first attempt of the kind in all this region, and their customers came from many adjoining towns, and distant places. So that they soon formed a large acquaintance. They built the first grist-mill in the township, and dealt largely in grain and produce of all kinds. They also bought lands, and paid in goods. At one time they bought a farm of 160 acres, in Copley township, to be principally paid in that way. The owner, Gad Yale, and his wife, had joined the Mormons, then at Kirtland, Lake county, and turned in all their property to that church. Hiram Smith came to Wadsworth and selected the goods. This man, afterwards with his brother Joseph, suffered martyrdom near Nauvoo, Ill., at the hands of a mob, while in jail for pretended crimes. The firm of A. & J. Pardee was changed about 1837 to A. J. & E. Pardee by taking in my brother, Ebenezer. Later, they dissolved, when Ebenezer moved to Wooster, and became book-keeper in a Wooster bank, and John carried on the business alone.

About 1856, John sold out to his son Charles, and my son H. C. They took the name of Pardee & Pardee. Neither of the boys had any capital, except what was furnished by their fathers, and we all found out that the four years of James Buchanan were the hardest times we had ever known. John went to Wisconsin, and I had to take the store—or do worse. I brought things to a settlement as quickly as possible, and promised never to do so any more, and I have kept my promise. A. & J. Pardee, and A. J. & E., were enterprising and successful merchants, particularly so were John and Ebenezer; but Judge Pardee was better for the out door work. John was popular and influential. He was a typical Democrat of those days. When he was not postmaster, he generally dictated who

should be; and it was said, that more votes were found in the ballot box given out from his store than from all the ticket peddlers in town. Once, a few days before election, an old citizen was asked what ticket he was going to vote that year. He replied, "I don't know. I have not seen John Pardee yet." His removal was much regretted by his old friends and customers.

John S. Pardee, oldest son of John and Eunice, married Emeline Benedict, daughter of Amos Benedict, of Skaneateles. They were acquainted when children. John S. was a promising and ambitious young man. He went to Columbia county, Wisconsin, early in the fifties, with but little capital, bought land and commenced to build a large grist-mill, at the place now called Pardeeville. This was an expensive affair, and his father was involved in the venture. The dam was washed away and the mill not completed. John S. was offered the appointment of minister of the United States to Central America, which, unfortunately, he accepted. He went there, and his wife with him, but she was called home. A short time thereafter, he was taken sick with malarial fever, and died suddenly. This death hastened the departure of his father and family to Wisconsin.

Eugene Pardee, son of Allen and Phebe Pardee, was educated at Hudson College; and there, when quite young, studied law, in the office of the late Judge Van R. Humphrey, and was admitted to the bar. After his admission, he remained a few years in Wadsworth, where I availed myself of his books, and instructions, to also pass muster in the same line of business. He married Eleanor Taylor, a cousin of the Loomises and Beaches, and settled in Wooster, O., where he died, a few years ago. His widow is still there. Their children were as follows:—Arthur, a druggist in Madison, Wis.; Dane, at Wausau, same state, has a son Neely Eugene, who is much interested in his family genealogy; Ossian, who is somewhere in the west; Emlin died young; Taylor, a soldier in a western regiment, who died soon after his discharge; Emma, married a Mr. Roberts, and died, leaving Ethel, who is a bright, interesting girl, and lives with her grandmother; Eugene, was a very good lawyer, but injured his practice and popularity by becoming an uncompromising abolitionist, in the old Bourbon county of Wayne. He always asserted and believed that he caused the introduction and passage of the Wilmot Proviso, by furnishing it to Mr. Wilmot, and

persuading him to offer it. His son, Dane, was named in honor of Nathan Dane, the author of the original proviso in regard to the Northwestern territories.

ANN KING AND MINERVA UTLEY.

I place these names together, as both have exhibited similar characteristics of a nature that I particularly wish to commend. Ann Pardee was born in Wadsworth in 1824, when her father, Allen Pardee, lived on their old farm north of the village. She was married to Homer King, and had one son, DeLoss, to whom she gave a good education, and who repaid her with strong filial respect and affection. Her husband was a printer, and went to California, where he died a number of years ago. Her father lived to great age, and after all the other daughters were married, and he was left alone by the death of his second wife, Ann became his stay and support, and did all for him, in his old age, that a good and affectionate daughter could do; and when after this, she has been left childless by the premature death of her son, she has still been able to show the heroic fortitude of the true woman.

Mrs. King is now past 71, but still industrious and cheerful, living in the old homestead with her brother, Norman C. Pardee. My brother died in 1883, aged 93 years and 4 months.

Mary Minerva Pardee, third daughter of John and Eunice Pardee, was also born in Wadsworth, about 1827. She married Mr. Joseph Utley, and they resided here several years, where he carried on the business of mining, and grinding paint, for sale. About the time her father moved to Wisconsin, they also did the same, and settled at Pardeeville. From the time her mother died, Mrs. Utley's experience in taking care of her father was similar to that of Mrs. King, excepting that my brother John was, for several years before his death, nearly a helpless invalid—during all which time, night and day, he was watched and cared for by this daughter. If filial affection was as instinctive as is maternal, there would have been nothing unusual in Minerva's conduct; but observation shows it is not so. With unwearied patience, this faithful daughter attended the call of duty to the last. Her example deserves my warmest commendation.

Her husband died in 1867-68. She has two sons whom I have never seen; I hope they are worthy of so excellent a mother. Mrs. Utley is now in Pardeeville, with her sister Virginia, and is in very poor health.

PREACHERS IN THE PARDEE AND EYLES CONNECTION.

Judge Eyles was a most zealous Christian, and made it a rule, when any one was baptized, and applied for admission to the church, to present him with a new Testament, with the information, that that book was the creed, and all he was required to believe. He and his pious wife, at one time, were gratified to know that all the members of the family had become members of the church. My sisters, Sarah and Julia, and myself, and so many family connections, had united, that it was feared it might create a prejudice, outside, against the church. However, this state of things did not long remain. Many moved away, and many died.

Pardee Butler, son of my sister Sally, became a teacher and preacher; married, and settled in Atchison county, Kansas, before the war. His place and postoffice was named Pardee. He was assaulted by a mob in Atchison, because of his avowing "free state" principles. They talked of hanging, but commuted his sentence to drowning. For this purpose they shackled his hands and feet with ropes, tied him on a small raft of boards, and set him afloat in the turbulent Missouri river. His clothing and provisions consisted of a coat of tar and cotton wool used on account of a scarcity of feathers. He went several miles down stream, but in some way contrived to reach the shore; went back to his farm, and continued to preach and write for freedom and Christianity for many years. He is now deceased. He left one daughter, a Mrs. Hastings.

Jefferson H. Jones married Laura Ette Pardee, oldest daughter of my brother Allen. He has been a preacher of the Gospel for more than fifty years. He was an intimate friend of Gen. Garfield, became chaplain of the 42d Regiment during the war, and was at the Siege of Vicksburg. He has a number of sons and daughters. His wife died about six years ago. He has remarried, and lives at Mount Union, Stark county, Ohio.

John F. Rowe married Editha, third daughter of Judge Allen Pardee. He preached for the Wadsworth church, and at Akron, and other places, for a number of years, quite acceptably. For several years past, he has edited and published the Christian Leader, at Cincinnati, O. They have an interesting family of sons and daughters.

I have already spoken of Rev. B. A. Hinsdale, who began his ministerial life as a member of the Wadsworth church.

Edgar Pardee, son of Augustus Pardee and Susan Newcomb, and grandson of Rev. O. Newcomb, is also a preacher of considerable note among the Disciples, originating here. His sister Julia is married to a Mr. Weston, also a teacher and preacher, at present residing in Indiana.

A LONE JOURNEY.

Sometime in the early fifties, I was going up to Cleveland, and on the railroad from Cuyahoga Falls to Hudson, found myself and my niece, Mary Pardee, daughter of my brother Harry, the only occupants of the car. She was on a journey to California, by the Panama route, all alone, to meet and marry a young doctor, E. H. Pardee, with whom she had become acquainted, while staying with her father, in Pontiac, Mich. He was probably a relative of our family, though so distant that I am not able to trace it, except that his forefathers were of the Connecticut tribe. Mary arrived in safety, was married, and settled in Oakland, where she died several years ago. Her son, George C. Pardee, is mayor of the city of Oakland, and a physician in partnership with his father, under the firm name of Drs. E. H. & G. C. Pardee, 526 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dr. E. H. was also mayor of Oakland in 1873-75.

ANOTHER FORTY-NINER.

My brother Augustus tried the overland route to California in 1849-50, with an ox team. There were four or five in a caravan from this town, one of whom, Aaron Miller, died on the journey. The journey was tedious and protracted, and proved too much for my brother. His health failed him and he had all he could do to get home by the Panama route the next year. Though troubled ever afterwards with hemorrhage of the lungs, he lived to be near 80. His widow, Susan (Newcomb) Pardee, was living, at last accounts, with her daughter, Julia Weston, in Indiana. I have spoken in another place of his children.

GEORGE K., A TYPICAL PARDEE.

Call it superstition or what you please, it is nevertheless true, that I have not been able to keep myself from frequently thinking of those old notions, (though I never believed in them), said to be of oriental origin, concerning the marvelous power of amulets, as a precious stone, or piece of metal with an inscription, or some figure engraved on it, worn as a preservative against sickness, witchcraft or evil spirits; or of those signs, noticed and believed in by

many people, as presaging future events. While I have never admitted to anyone or to myself, that I had the least belief in omens, or good or bad signs, yet I am satisfied that some of these old whims have unconsciously had an influence, sometimes, affecting and controlling the whole of a man's life. I think this was the case with my brother George, although I know he was as incredulous in all such matters as myself. About 1813, my oldest brother, Sheldon, was living in Elbridge, then called Camillus, north of Skaneateles village. He had a neighbor, whose little daughter was afflicted with a scrofulous affection on her neck, that was called "King's Evil." From Sheldon, the father of the sick girl learned that George was a seventh son, and he was sent for to cure the child by "touch." This whim had in some way come to the family from a long cherished English tradition, that scrofulous tumors could be cured by the "Royal Touch." Multitudes of patients, from the time of Edward the confessor to the reign of Queen Ann, as the old historians assert, had been cured in this manner. It seems the tradition had so far changed as to apply to a seventh son, as well as to a Prince of the royal blood. George staid with the family three or four weeks, and every day gently laid his hand upon the little girl's neck. It was shortly afterwards reported that the child had recovered, which I presume was true; and I think it is also true that, in most cases, such tumors break and go away, if left entirely alone. However, this case was deemed a wonder, and the title of doctor was applied to my brother from that time forward. It is my opinion that this circumstance determined the life course of George, and that he was led to study medicine because he was the seventh son.

In the early summer of 1826, when my brother appeared at Wadsworth, fresh from the Oneida Medical College with his diploma as a full fledged doctor, he was not yet 20 years old; but he immediately commenced business, and soon found enough to do. This was a very sickly season when they were building the Ohio canal, and his practice extended even to cases as far as where Akron now is. At this time, the Doctor was as much imbued with the idea that he was a child of destiny, as was Napoleon when holding subordinate office in the French army. His ambition was to go to the front in his profession. He, like myself, had been drilled, while at school, with the Westminster catechism; and he believed that he was predesti-

nated to be a doctor, to marry Susan Thomas, and to excel in all he should undertake. He opened an office, bought medical books and the latest publications, attended to every call, night or day, worked and studied dilligently; but remembered the red cheeked girl with whom he had attended school—who was a pupil when he was teacher, and whose name he had marked on the smooth barked trees on the old homestead farm—then went back and married her, because she was his affinity. He returned to his practice in Wadsworth with increased vigor, always intending to establish a medical school as soon as circumstances would permit. He contemplated obtaining foreign aid, but failing in this, started a school of his own, but did not allow it to interfere with his practice. In this school were educated Drs. C. N. Lyman, C. Isbel, Samuel Wolf, Hanson Hard, Alanson Willey, Samuel Beach, W. W. Beach, Frederic Wright, Lucius Clark, and many others. Here Anatomy, Physiology, Surgery, Medicine, Chemistry and kindred sciences were taught, demonstrated, and learned. Of course apparatus, books, and instruments were present only in limited quantities; yet it was a sort of a miniature university.

The students were imbued with the same enthusiasm as their master, and aided in supplying material for surgical, or other demonstrations, so that within a reasonable time, each pupil was prepared to apply to a proper medical board for a final diploma. Some of these students became eminent; and all, as far as known, graduated as physicians of repute, except my nephew, Syevanus Butler. This poor fellow had the misfortune to contract blood poisoning, from want of proper care during a lecture on physiology, which eventually ended in his premature demise.

The foregoing is related as tending to show the characteristics of my brother George,—his tenacity of purpose, his resolute, indefatigable industry, and indomitable perseverance, all indicative of the Pardee blood running in his veins. But this is by no means all that we can adduce. He was always among the foremost in the advocacy and promotion of every good work, for the benefit of society and mankind. Though he had no children, having lost his only son while in infancy, he gladly paid taxes for the schooling of all children, and wherever he saw an opening to benefit others, was ready to enter heartily, with open hand and substantial aid. This he continued to do as long as he lived. He was not a large man, and was only of

medium height and weight of body, but his soul was unconfined. His temperament was nervous, mixed, but not sanguineous, his complexion indicating the bilious melancholic, with eyes brown, hair dark, but not curly. In my opinion he resembled our great ancestor, George the Huguenot, suggesting what has been observed as to heredity and mixture of blood in strong races: "Sometimes, after many crosses with other bloods, an individual will appear with all the marks of the original full blood." But my brother could not live always. On the 4th of July, 1849, we attended a temperance celebration at Medina, when, towards the close, one of the gunners had his arm torn to pieces by the premature discharge of a cannon. Doctor Pardee was called to amputate the arm and dress the wound. He was detained until late in the evening, when the weather had become very chilly. He caught cold, producing inflammation of the lungs, and finally, hemorrhage. This continued at intervals, but though he had the most skillful treatment from his partner in business and lifelong friend, Dr. Lyman, he could not recover. He died October 3d, 1849. My brother Ebenezer and myself were executors of his estate, all of which was given to his widow, Susan. She, as was natural, went back to her parents and friends in New York, but returned again in August, 1882. I saw her the day she arrived. She was riding out with E. G. Loomis and wife to see the old place where she had passed her earlier years. She promised to call on me the next day, but was taken sick and could not. I called on her at different times, and the last time I called, she told me that she was again a widow, and that all her property had disappeared, as she had received nothing of consequence from the estate of her late husband, Gen. Kenyon. She had only one wish which was about to be gratified, and that was to be buried by the side of George. On September 3d she died, and was buried as she had requested.

There is a modest monument at these graves on the east side of central passage way in the old part of Wadsworth cemetery. Just beyond, on the north, stands an artistic and prominent life-sized monument of the late John McGregor, a worthy and much respected teacher. This monument is an ornament to the place, and an honor to citizens of the town who encouraged and aided in its erection. Now what I suggest, is, that they could do themselves still further honor, by something like a duplicate of this monument to the memory of Doctor George K. Pardee,

the seventh son. If there was ever a resident of Wadsworth more entitled to be called a benefactor than he, his brother, the eighth son, does not know it.

MY SISTER JULIA ANNA.

Julia was two years younger than I; but as we grew up we seemed to be of one age, and were sometimes supposed by strangers to be twins. I was slightly the tallest; but we looked so nearly alike, that one evening, by changing dresses, she taking my coat and hat and I her cloak and bonnet, we deceived even mother, for a short time. I will be excused for referring, in a few regretful words, to the tragic death of one so near and dear to me. In the year 1815, when we were living on the old farm in York State, a neighbor and his family came to our house in a lumber wagon, one Sunday afternoon. They hitched the horses to a post in front, and my sister and four or five children about her age were soon in possession of the vacated carriage. No one observed them until an alarm was given that the team was running away. Everybody started after them, but none could overtake them, of course. Some one of our boys took a horse, and in time returned, bringing word that the children were safe and unhurt. The team ran furiously for a mile and a half; through the village they went, safely down a steep hill, across a bridge, and to a hotel barn, where they stopped, because they were unable to go any further. The children, from the start, had huddled down on the bottom of the wagon box, and were uninjured. Alas! we often realize that

“Safety consists not in escape

From dangers of a frightful shape.”

Twenty-four years after this incident, on August 3, 1839, my sister and her husband were riding behind a spirited and dangerous horse, on their way to a yearly meeting of Disciples, to which church she belonged. About 14 miles from home, in Bath township, the horse took fright, and ran away; the bits to the bridle broke, and all control of him was lost. Her husband jumped out, and urged her to do the same; but she, trusting to her former experience, remained. Highways, in those days, were narrow and dangerous. The buggy, in passing between two stumps, was thrown by one of them upon the other. Julia was thrown on the top of the stump flat upon her breast, producing hemorrhage of the stomach, of which she died that afternoon. George, myself, and my wife, were with her in about three hours after the accident, but only had

the mournful satisfaction to know that everything possible was done for her.

Thus was violently severed from me my nearest and dearest sister, Julia Anna, the companion of my childhood and early youth. Her body is buried in the Wadsworth cemetery.

"He mourns the dead who lives as they desire."—Dr. Young.

EXTENT OF THE PARDEE FAMILY.

I am doubtless the only one living of the fifth generation descendants, in our line, of George Pardee the settler. My children would be the sixth generation; my grandchildren, the seventh; great grandchildren, the eighth; and there are probably some of the ninth or tenth generations in other lines, as it singularly happened that nearly all of my progenitors, from George the second, were younger sons. If the ratio of increase was three of the male sex to a family, there might now be living male descendants of George, who bear his name, to the number of 30,000 persons. If it is suggested that the ratio of three male descendants to a family is too high, I remark that the Pardee fathers have not been stingy in giving children to the nation. George the settler had nine children; George second, eleven; Deacon Ebenezer, seven; Ebenezer the soldier, eight; Ebenezer my father, twelve; myself, nine, etc. Other lines may have been equally prolific.

This speaks well for my computation of the present numbers of the Pardee family, and for the patriotism and piety of the fathers and mothers in their deference to the commandment to Noah and his sons, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth."

Lawrence Sterne, the author of "Tristram Shandy," in speaking of the duties of life and citizenship, says, "Every man is bound to do three things;—To plant orchards, to build houses, and to nourish and bring up children." My forefathers, I am proud to say, attended to all these duties, and many more, in which, also, they had the most cordial assistance of my foremothers. I confess to some dubiety as to whether the new woman, about whom we hear so much of late, will be as helpful and praiseworthy as their mothers and grandmothers.

THE PARDEE WOMEN.

From my own observation, I can speak favorably of the industry, frugality, and all the homelike virtues of the

grandmothers, mothers, and daughters of the Pardee race, eighty years ago; and later, it was also the custom of good women to put in their time. When they sat down with the family on a winter evening, or made a visit to a neighbor, the knitting work was always a part of the sociability; and if called upon to do something else, my mother would say, "Wait until I knit into my needle," which meant, the middle of the needle, so that the stitches would not drop. I also learned, at New Haven, when inquiring about old traditions as to the family, that the Pardee women used to be famous as spinners and weavers; and that there are now, in that city, many specimens of most beautiful work of this kind, done by the grandmothers, their sisters, and daughters.

SOLDIERS OF THE PARDEE FAMILY.

I have already mentioned the soldiers of the Pardee name in the Revolutionary war, as shown by the records at Washington. No research has been made as to the war of 1812, or that of 1861. I have spoken from personal knowledge, of the services of my brothers, Allen and John, and brother-in-law, Butler, in the War of 1812. I speak, also, from personal knowledge, as to the War of 1861. There were enlisted of my near relatives, the following:

My sons, Don. A. and George K.; R. H. Pardee, captain, and James K., in the Second Ohio Cavalry, and their brother, Joseph, in the Navy, are sons of my brother Ebenezer; Taylor, son of Eugene Pardee; Andron, son of Wm. N. Pardee. Andron was killed in the second battle of Bull Run; Butler Brown, who was killed at Antietam, and was the son of my niece, Anne Butler.

NAMES OF PLACES.

Pardee, Atchison county, Kansas; Pardee, Cuyahoga county, Ohio; Pardee, Missoula county, Montana; and Pardeeville, Columbia county, Wisconsin.

WHERE THE PARDEES ARE.

There will never be Pardees enough to contest for supremacy with other family names, like Smith, Brown and Jones; yet as they are becoming quite numerous, and have come to stay, I will state what I know of their present location. In 1776, the most of the Pardees were in Connecticut; almost all were in New England. At present they will be found in nearly all the states north of the Mason and Dixon's line; from Maine to California. There are a

few south of that line. I have never heard of a single one who served in the Rebel army.

The New York City directory for 1893 shows 18 Pardees, 1 Pardew, 1 Pardi, 3 Pardows, 4 Pardos, 2 Parduas, and 1 Pardue. There are 7 or more in Chicago. These all spell their names as we do. So do all that I am acquainted with in Ohio. Whether the various modes of spelling the name, as Pardy, Purdue and Purdy, in addition to the above variations, indicates a different origin for the families, I cannot say positively; but I am inclined to think they all came from one French original, arising from the Huguenot contest, as I have heretofore explained.

CONCLUSION.

I should feel myself greatly delinquent, should I fail to acknowledge the uniform kindness and courtesy extended to me by my friends, and all of those to whom I have applied for information in my researches. Especially am I grateful to Mr. Myron F. Pardee, of Chicago; Richard H. Pardee, United States Treasury Department, Washington; J. Jay Pardee, New York City; Amos R. Pardee, Skaneateles; and more especially so to Miss Louise Tracy, No. 1 York Square, New Haven, Connecticut. Miss Tracy is a descendant of George Pardee the settler, and a most thorough and accomplished genealogist. I can safely recommend her to any of my friends, or others who wish to make inquiries in that line, or any other business, requiring faithful research, accuracy, and promptitude. And now, as I am bringing my labors to a close, not from lack of material, but because I have reached the limits prescribed for myself in the beginning, let me say, that I have not aimed to make my book a substitute for any family record, and have left out considerable material of that sort, for fear I might make some mistake in copying. Besides, every family ought to keep and transmit a complete record, as a duty to posterity.

Considering, however, the small stock of information with which I commenced, I am gratified to believe that I have done all I undertook to do, and even better than I dared to hope. I have the lineage of the Pardee family, in a reliable form, from the first settler down to myself, through six generations of decent people. We have followed a line but found no rope at the end. They married and were given in marriage, but were, so far as it appears, faithful in their conjugal relations. We do not find them in the divorce courts, or in any other courts, unless as

jurors or witnesses, and in later days, sometimes magistrates or attorneys. They seem to have been quiet, exemplary, and patriotic citizens. Physically, though of only medium size, they were strong, lively, and spirited. There is no account of any deformity or lack of intellect in the whole race. I was willing to confine my inquiries to this country, fearful, if I went to Europe, we might find ourselves related, by blood or marriage, to some of the so-called Royal families, the Bourbons, Plantagenets, or the Stewarts, or some other low down persons,

“——Whose blood
has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,”

As saith Sam Butler in his *Hudibras*. But, after all, blood and race are nothing to be proud or ashamed of. Every man must answer for himself; and he who has nothing but the respectability of his ancestors to depend upon, is a “poor stick.” You may believe in heredity, as it is called; but it is liable to run out—sometimes in one generation.

Now, a few words as to myself, and I have done. I told my readers, in the beginning, that if my story went on, I should have to go with it. I think I have kept myself well in hand. My labors have not been unpleasant. I am a contented and happy man. I have had many afflictions and disappointments, but have cultivated resignation and cheerfulness. I love life and its many enjoyments, and do not anticipate coming evils. I have no complaints against my fellowmen. They have treated me with respect equal to my merits. My children are all good to me. I am willing to attend a thanksgiving day more than once every year during my short stay in this beautiful world.



ERRATA.

Page 3, 10th line from bottom, for 1858, read 1758.

Page 6, line 4, for the words, "His father was—," read, "He was the son of—."

Page 43, in paragraph relative to the children of Eunice Chamberlin, for "Carolina," read, Caroline.

Page 44, 8th line from bottom, for 1776, read, 1796.

Page 48, in paragraph concerning the Chamberlin family, for "eight children," read, nine children; and after Lydia insert Sarah, or "Sally." Sarah married Mr. West. They had a son, Jackson, who lived a long time with John Pardee, married, and moved to Illinois.

Page 63, 17th line from bottom, for "Syevanus," read, Sylvanus.

Page 67, in paragraph relating to soldiers, in sons of Ebenezer Pardee, after the name Joseph insert Ephraim Q., before the words "in the navy."

There are some other slight mistakes, but they are not misleading.



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